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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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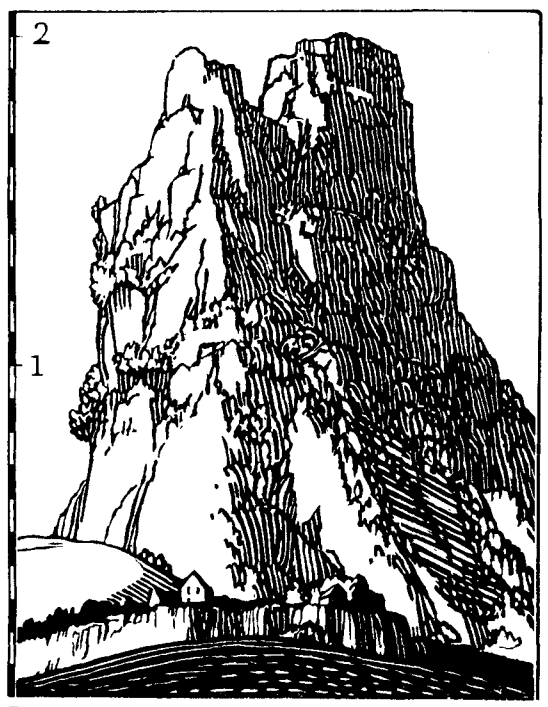

Scheme for a Mountain

Where will our civic architecture stop?
Behold the office-buildings man erects!
Nay! "Own your own eyrie" on a mountain-top,—
I know an excellent firm of architects!

The Age of Confession

THOSE inquisitive minds which like to expend their ingenuity in analyzing their times would do well to turn their attention to the outcropping of autobiographical writing in recent years. For here is a literature that in its diversity ranges from the tortured reflections of a philosophic mind to the stark sensationalism of a convicted murderer, that is sometimes sophisticated and sometimes crass, and that is now unrestrained through force of emotion and again frank by deliberate design. In either form it counts its readers in great numbers, in the one instance among the cultured and the reflective, and in the other among the vast commonalty which is interested in incident and passion rather than in character and temperament. But since in a democracy like ours that commonalty is so much in the ascendency, and mediocrity so much outbulks distinction, the memoir that engages attention is as apt to be that of the person who has attained a success which is comprehensible to the many as it is to be a chronicle of unique abilities.

All ages, of course, have had their uninhibited autobiographers, men who have made the world their confessional; but for our epoch alone has it been reserved to make a cult of self-revelation. Restraint has been cast to the winds, and from the movie actress who flaunts her "confessions" in a sensation-mongering magazine to the scholar who devotes a volume to displaying the tattered shreds of his domestic life, the whole gamut of society babbles its secrets to the world. Dignity, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, a sense of the sanctity of human relationships, an appreciation of the unimportance of the individual in the general scheme of the cosmos, no one of these operates to prevent the outpouring of inconsequential nothings, indiscretions, and emotional vaporings that tarnish our contemporary writing. The improper study of mankind has become the vogue. There is a rage for personalities instead of personality, an appetite for the salacious rather than for the salty. Vulgarity and tawdriness stalk naked and unashamed. What has produced such a state of affairs? Something more, it would seem, must exist than a love of gossip and an inclination toward sensationalism to account for the interest in self-revelation that is so widespread today.

The tabloids and the cheap magazines that have so unashamedly catered to the worst in this passion for delving into the deepest intimacies of personal life have increased it but have not created it. They have merely been quick to seize upon an appetite which has grown with their indulgence of it, shrewd enough to recognize that in the romanticizing instinct of mankind lies a fertile field for exploitation. We say the romanticizing instinct, for it would appear that at bottom it is rather the yearning for the realization of a vision than lust of sensation that has given the "confession" its hold. Even the most unimaginative men in their secret souls treasure a dream—a dream of what they might have been or may still be. And here inscribed in these chronicles are the hopes and fears, the elation and the discouragement, that their own lives have known, described as merely the preamble or accompaniment to the success which they would make their own. What the average reader craves in the novel in which he demands a happy end is here as fact not fiction. In the main they are the successful who write, those most frequently who, not foreordained by wealth or position to fame, have achieved it, or at least notoriety, through happy chance or ardent persistence.

We are well aware that such an explanation is but partial, that love of sensation and an inclination to burrow into the secret recesses of the soul play their part in the popularity of the intimate autobiography. But in the main we believe that it is because these self-revelations furnish a springboard to the hopes of their readers that they have gained such currency. And it seems only fair to suppose that in more subtle fashion the increasing interest in autobiography of a higher type derives from the same impulse. In this day of standardization, when a complicated civilization has conferred upon conformity almost the sanction of obligation, the unventuresome soul finds comfort in vicariously living a life of divergence from the normal. The autobiographies the cultured man reads are not those which delight his less sophisticated fellows, but they, like the others, furnish him an escape from the monotony about him. In them his spirit finds the spur to imagination, and all that is pioneering in him finds satisfaction. Man cannot live by bread alone. And the moral? None, except the truism that literature must reck of man's dreams as well as of his deeds.

Freudianism and the development of interest in the psychology of the individual have of course had their part to play in this augmented interested in autobiography. Where formerly only the scientist or the layman of a scientific turn of mind took interest in the processes as well as the evidence of emotions, today the man in the street feels a vital concern in "complexes," or "reactions." He searches not only his neighbor's consciousness but his own,

(*Continued on next page*)

Murder in Fiction

By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES
Author of "What Really Happened"

TO me it has always seemed an ironical turn of fate that the imaginative writer of today who is interested in the psychology of crime should be classed, as he or she almost always is, as a writer of "mystery stories." Although now and again there occurs in real life a murder which remains for a long time, sometimes for all time, a mystery, what surely must be the only point of paramount interest to every intelligent student of human nature is the part which motive and character play in what may be called, for want of a better phrase, intelligent murder.

Why is it that a human being, apparently with nothing in his appearance, manner, or nature differentiating him from his fellows, brings himself to commit the one dread act which has always been regarded from the beginning of the world and in every community, civilized and uncivilized, with peculiar horror? A modern sociological writer once wrote, "Murder is the one chink in the armor of a civilized community." And it remains true that murder is the one crime for which actually not one man or woman in a million is prepared, and which finds always its victim defenseless.

Few indeed are the great imaginative writers of the world who have not at some moment of their career been drawn to murder as a theme worthy of their finest art. Two of the greatest of Shakespeare's plays, "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," both have murder as central themes. Indeed it may be said with truth that the most outstanding murderess in fact or fiction remains Lady Macbeth.

Walter Scott, Dumas *père*, Victor Hugo, the three

This Week

Scheme for a Mountain. Drawn by *W. A. Dwiggins.*
Quatrain. By *William Rose Benét.*
Poor Scotland Yard. By *Dashiell Hammett.*
"Gilbert Stuart." Reviewed by *Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.*
"The Secrets of a Showman" and "After the Ball." Reviewed by *Frank Tuttle.*
"Battleships in Action." Reviewed by *Capt. Thomas G. Frothingham.*
"Turkey." Reviewed by *Hamilton Fish Armstrong.*
Qwertyuiop: A Shirtsleeves History.
"The Two Sisters." Reviewed by *Robert K. Macdougall.*

Next Week, or Later

The Plight of the Short Story. By *Lloyd Morris.*

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greatest story-tellers of a great literary epoch, all made use of murder to obtain some of their most moving as well as their most awesome effects. Nearer our own time, Dickens again and again was fascinated by the possibilities which murder offers to the creative artist. With one exception, to my mind the most remarkable murder in fiction is that of Montague Tigg by Jonas Chuzzlewit, in which we also have that strange, powerful, almost Freudian, analysis of the murderer's mind after he has committed his crime. Yet another remarkable study in murder is the murder of Tulkinghorn in "Bleak House." There Dickens may be accused of trying his hand at a "mystery story," for the reader is led to believe that Lady Deadlock committed the crime, whereas the real criminal was her French maid. Who murdered Edwin Drood still excites controversy among all intelligent crime "fans" as well as among Dickensonians.

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Of the great Russian writers, the master analyst of human nature, Dostoievsky, chose deliberately the most sordid and commonplace type of murder in his "Crime and Punishment." Raskolnikoff murders a poor old woman, Alena Ivanovna, simply for her money. What makes the novel one of the stories of the world is the picture of remorse and fear which follow the commission of the crime; the analysis of the sentiments which lead Raskolnikoff to make his dramtic confession, and the unforgettable moving picture of his spiritual resurrection in Siberia.

Of the murder mystery pure and simple it may be doubted if there will ever be written a story to rival Edgar Allan Poe's "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." The very name of the street, invented by the writer, is a stroke of genius, and unconsciously prepares the reader for a tale of terror. I am reminded, by the very thought of the Rue Morgue, of what is to my thinking by far the most remarkable, as it is also by far the shortest, of Zola's novels—"Thérèse Raquin."

As the reader of that terrible study of human nature will remember, it is not the murder itself, so much as the fearful horror and remorse induced by their wicked act which makes the picture of the once guilty lovers, now a respectable married couple, so unforgettable. The effect is heightened, to an immeasurable degree, by the portrayal of the murdered man's paralyzed mother who knows all, and cannot reveal her knowledge. "Thérèse Raquin" proves that the story of a common as well as a sordid crime, committed by a very ordinary pair of criminals, can be transmuted into a great work of art by the writer's sheer creative gift.

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With the exception of Dickens, those Eminent Victorians who were also creative artists, rarely, if ever, used murder as a theme. Thackeray's one attempt was his one failure. Trollope was too great a student of the human heart entirely to exclude murder, but he never turned his analytic gift to the portrayal of an intelligent murderer.

There was, however, one exception, and a very striking exception, to this rule, as I am sure all those who have had the good fortune to read the book in question will agree. In the middle of the last century a delicate, refined Englishwoman wrote a most striking story called "Paul Ferrol." "Paul Ferrol" was probably the first murder-mystery story ever written in the English language! So great was its success, and so profound the impression produced by the novel, that the writer followed it with a successful sequel called by the clever title "Why Paul Ferrol Killed His Wife."

Later in the century Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon both reveled in murder. Indeed we may regard them as the parents of that vast, unruly brood which may be described under the generic family name of crime stories. But there was an interval of many years between the period which saw their best work, and the great blossoming which, beginning in the late nineties, is now in full flower.

In my opinion, the most subtle, best contrived, and best described murder in modern fiction, is that to be found in a novel written by Oliver Onions, entitled "According to the Evidence." In this remarkable story Mr. Onions has described a quite ordinary young man who, impelled by a sense of righteous anger, and to save the woman he loves from a terrible and sordid fate, commits murder in such a fashion that there is not the slightest fear that he will even be suspected, far less actually proved, to have committed the crime.

The modern mystery writer gives far too much thought, or so it seems to me, to the question as to who committed the murder he has been at pains to describe. A common formula is to start with a dead body, and then invent various clues which have for object that of putting the reader on the wrong scent as to the real identity of the murderer. The success of many of these stories proves the existence of a vast public to whom the mystery element in a story means everything. Such readers do not care why a man was murdered, what they long to know is who murdered him.

What has always seemed to me, both as reader and writer, of paramount interest in either a true, or an invented, story of murder, is contained not in the word "Who?", but in the word "Why?". This probably is why I consider "The American Tragedy" one of the great books written in my time. Theodore Dreiser digs deep among the roots of our poor human nature and so enables the reader to see why his unhappy hero committed, if not an actual murder, then (what, in a spiritual sense, is all that matters) many times murder in his heart. You are also shown in this remarkable study of humanity what few even of the greatest writers have thought worth while the doing—the effect created by a murder, or a supposed murder, on a large number of other human beings.

Poor Scotland Yard!

FALSE FACE. By SYDNEY HORLER. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1926. $2.

THE BENSON MURDER CASE. By S. S. VAN DINE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $2.

THE MALARET MYSTERY. By OLGA HARTLEY. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. 1926. $2.

SEA FOG. By J. S. FLETCHER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.

THE MASSINGHAM BUTTERFLY. J. S. FLETCHER. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by DASHIELL HAMMETT

IN some years of working for private detective agencies in various cities I came across only one fellow sleuth who would confess that he read detective stories. "I eat 'em up," this one said without shame. "When I'm through my day's gum-shoeing I like to relax; I like to get my mind on something that's altogether different from the daily grind; so I read detective stories."

He would have liked "False Faces;" it is different from any imaginable sort of day's work. Scotland Yard promises to "safeguard the safety" (page 29, if you think I spoof) of an American inventive genius who has business with the British government. Arrayed against him and it is a medley of scoundrels—a "shuddersome" Communist with "a smile that revolted," a hyphenated "brute-beast" of a German, a Russian Baron who has "the air of a world cosmopolitan," and so on, including a nameless skeptic who doubts that a certain blueprint is an original drawing. Everybody moves around a good deal, using trains, motorcycles, automobiles, airplanes, submarines, secret passages, sewers, and suspended ropes. Most of the activity seems purposeless, but in the end dear old England is saved once more from the Bolshevists.

I don't think it will stay saved unless something is done to Scotland Yard. It is, if this evidence is to be believed, a scandalously rattle-brained organization: trivialities are carefully guarded while grave secrets are given out freely: no member ever knows what his coworkers are up to. But we aren't in a position to criticize our cousins: here in the same book is an American Secret Service operative occupied with stolen necklaces and red plots, when he should be home guarding presidents, or chasing counterfeiters, or performing some of the other duties of his department, and in "The Benson Murder Case" the New York police and district attorney are not a bit less haphazard.

Alvin Benson is found sitting in a wicker chair in his living room, a book still in his hand, his legs crossed, and his body comfortably relaxed in a life-like position. He is dead. A bullet from an Army model Colt .45 automatic pistol, held some six feet away when the trigger was pulled, has passed completely through his head. That his position should have been so slightly disturbed by the impact of such a bullet at such a range is preposterous, but the phenomenon hasn't anything to do with the plot, so don't, as I did, waste time trying to figure it out. The murderer's identity becomes obvious quite early in the story. The authorities, no matter how stupid the author chose to make them, would have cleared up the mystery promptly if they had been allowed to follow the most rudimentary police routine. But then what would there have been for the gifted Vance to do?

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This Philo Vance is in the Sherlock Holmes tradition and his conversational manner is that of a high-school girl who has been studying the foreign words and phrases in the back of her dictionary. He is a bore when he discusses art and philosophy, but when he switches to criminal psychology he is delightful. There is a theory that any one who talks enough on any subject must, if only by chance, finally say something not altogether incorrect. Vance disproves this theory: he manages always, and usually ridiculously, to be wrong. His exposition of the technique employed by a gentleman shooting another gentleman who sits six feet in front of him deserves a place in a *How to be a detective by mail* course.

To supply this genius with a field for his operations the author has to treat his policemen abominably. He doesn't let them ask any questions that aren't wholly irrelevant. They can't make inquiries of anyone who might know anything. They aren't permitted to take any steps toward learning whether the dead man was robbed. Their finger-print experts are excluded from the scene of the crime. When information concerning a mysterious box of jewelry accidentally bobs up everybody resolutely ignores it, since it would have led to a solution before the three-hundredth page.

Mr. Van Dine doesn't deprive his officials of every liberty, however: he generously lets them compete with Vance now and then in the expression of idiocies. Thus Heath, a police detective-sergeant, says that any pistol of less than .44 calibre is too small to stop a man, and the district attorney, Markham, displays an amazed disinclination to admit that a confession could actually be false. This Markham is an outrageously naïve person: the most credible statement in the tale is to the effect that Markham served only one term in this office. The book is written in the little-did-he-realize style.

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"The Malaret Mystery" has to do with a death in Morocco. The reader is kept in rural England and the clues are brought to him through two or three or more hands. The result is a tiresomely slow and rambling story altogether without suspense, but this method does keep the solution concealed until the very last from those readers who have forgotten the plot, which is an old friend in not very new clothes. The motivation, if you are interested in that sort of thing, is pretty dizzy.

"Sea Fog," in spite of its rather free use of happenstance, is by far the best of this group. To the coast of Sussex comes a boy bound for the sea. In a deserted mill he spies on Kest and his map, in the morning fog he sees Kest killed, in the days that follow he sees more dead men. If toward the end these dead men turn up with almost mechanical regularity, Mr. Fletcher's skill keeps it from being too monotonous a process. But even that skill doesn't quite suffice to make the forced ending plausible. Poor old Scotland Yard is put up to silly tricks again. However, "Sea Fog" offers more than two hundred decidedly interesting pages.

Most of the fifteen stories in "The Massingham Butterfly" deal with crime in its milder forms. They are all mild stories, some of them obviously written long ago. There is no especial reason for anyone's reading them.

The Age of Confession

(*Continued from preceding page*)

and whatever can throw light on either becomes to him of importance. Where better can he gain insight into the springs and controls of action than in those ungarnished confessions which set forth the weaknesses, the aimlessnesses, and the shortcomings of character along with its resolve and strength?

The more intimately autobiography reveals the gropings of personality the more completely it compensates for the conformity of his own life. Of the standardization of the day is born an interest in the unique.

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Face-Painter and Feminist

GILBERT STUART. An Illustrated Descriptive List of His Works Compiled by LAWRENCE PARK, in four volumes, in folio. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1926. $100.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER
Princeton University

THE late Lawrence Park, best connoisseur of early American portraiture of our time, devoted the last ten years of his too short life to the compilation of this monumental catalogue. He left it on loose cards and not quite complete. The devotion of friends supporting the exceptional editorial labors of William Sawitzky has perpetuated Park's endeavor in these four stately volumes. The circumstances of their production have involved certain drawbacks. It has been necessary to include a few doubtful Stuarts which Park had provisionally accepted. Additions had to be made. These are duly initialled by the editors, William Sawitzky and Theodore Bolton. In general these inevitable blemishes and inequalities of judgment are negligible. The task is very fully achieved.

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The cataloguing is alphabetical by sitters, with the fullest genealogical information and record of ownership. This catalogue, with 948 numbers, and in addition 111 devoted to Washington, besides alphabetical lists of past and present owners, occupies two volumes. The two remaining volumes present 606 large halftone cuts of excellent quality exemplifying every phase of the master. Again the arrangement is by sitters, alphabetically. No reader of critical bent can turn over these illustrations without longing to reshuffle them into chronological order. In short, the arrangement, while ideal for the owner, collector, and dealer, is tantalizing to the critic, who after all is the minority party among the interested. Excellent introductions by John Hill Morgan, Royal Cortissoz, and Theodore Bolton, do something for this minority, but not quite enough. Mr. Hill's biographical sketch generally vindicates the accuracy and justness of Dr. Waterhouse's estimate as against the sentimentalisms of Dunlap and the apologetics of Jane Stuart. Mr. Hill has also unearthed the interesting new fact that Stuart cast himself upon Benjamin West's compassion late in 1776 or early in 1777, about a year earlier than had been supposed. This bears out Trumbull's statement, which had been discredited.

An excellent painter, Stuart was far from an exemplary character. He was capable of neglecting attached parents, of ridiculing a benefactor, of accepting advances for portraits which he never painted and possibly never intended to paint. His return to America, far from being a patriotic pilgrimage to the feet of Washington, as Dunlap represents it, was an incursion into an unspoiled field of patronage, London, and Dublin having become too hot for the artist adventurer. All this may seem unimportant, but I think not. A face-painter with fewer foibles of his own would not have caught with Stuart's uncanny insight the foibles of others, while an almost illiterate colonial youth of low degree would hardly have made himself a favorite in the best society of Dr. Johnson's London if he had offered as qualification simply a steady and dependable character. Instead Gilbert Stuart offered an extraordinary tact and wit and a competent mastery of his craft. It was enough wherever he turned.

* * *

For some weeks I have been turning over the plates in Mr. Park's book with the result that one old impression has been confirmed, and an entirely new impression has been gained. I remain of the opinion that while Gilbert Stuart was not quite a great portrait painter, he was one of the greatest of face-painters, while I realize for the first time that Stuart was perhaps the ablest interpreter of womanhood that the art of painting has seen. Intending nothing derogatory by the term, I feel that the word face-painter precisely defines Stuart's notable excellences and his equally patent limitations. Within his lifetime worked Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Goya, David, and Ingres. None of them painted a face better than Stuart, and several of them painted it less well, but all of them have a stronger claim to be regarded as great portraitists. Stuart's interest was usually exhausted with capturing the forms and character of a face. He was a specialist, and contentedly so. There was an early moment when under the influence of Gainsborough he aimed at style. Later he cared only for likeness and character. His compositions are the entirely adequate improvisations of a very clever person. His accessories and costumes are brilliantly touched in, but they remain extraneous to the pictorial effect. And this neglect was from choice and not from lack of ability. The costumes and accessories in the portraits of Don Josef de Jaudenes y Nebot and his wife, in the Metropolitan Museum, are of exquisite fitness and character. Stuart could paint hands beautifully, but usually avoided the task, and often painted them badly. Except for the very picturesque A Gentleman Skating, William Grant, of Congalton, a canvas emulative of Gainsborough, Stuart's rare full-lengths are tritely composed. Again, unlike all his portrait-painting contemporaries, Stuart was never tempted away from his specialty. But the great portrait painter is normally a great painter who incidentally makes portraits.

Indeed it is doubtful if the man who paints only portraits will ever paint great portraits. Stuart painted hundreds of amazingly true and vivid masks —the Vaughan Washington, the Mrs. Perez Morton are types, but did he ever paint a portrait that would hang comfortably beside a Titian, a Van Dyck, a Goya, a David, or an Ingres? Which only means that Stuart could or would not provide that surplus beyond fine face-painting, that sustained pictorial richness and character, which the finest portrait painting demands. In Titians's "Ariosto" the quilted satin sleeve is as eloquent as the sensitive olive face and the silky raven beard. Rembrandt's "Lady with a Fan" would without the exquisitely

Elizabeth MacKinstry

Illustration from "About Artists," by Anice Page Cooper (Doubleday, Page).

painted fan lose half her existence. It is doubtful if these extensions of meaning, this animism in the inanimate, can be learned solely in portrait painting. At least Stuart never did learn this magic, and his place, a very honorable one, is rather with the Moros, Mierevelts, and Knellers than with the Holbeins, Velasquezes, and Hogarths.

Again a scrutiny of Park's fine albums produces the disconcerting surprise that the male portraits which Stuart made in his eighteen British years are as a class far superior to those which he painted in America, and withal that one could form from his entire work a group of women's portraits which for character and vitality have been surpassed by no painter except Rembrandt. In order that the reader may check these bald assertions, let me propose a game with him. I will make a group of a dozen British male portraits by Stuart, challenging the reader to make a group of male Americans by Stuart that shall be equal in character and pictorial beauty. Thoughout the British group will show with an equally vivid character a finer and more studied pictorialism. Here is the British group; it may readily be considered in Park's illustrations: Sir Cropley Ashley-Cooper, James Boydell, William Kerin Constable, Dr. John Fothergill, James Heath, Ozias Humphrey, Dr. William Smith, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Baron Sydney, James Ward, Benjamin West, Edmond Sexton, Viscount Pery. If the reader loses in this game, as I am confident he will, I must further remark, that with a few exceptions, the finest male portraits that Stuart painted after his return to America are those of foreigners —notably Don Josef de Jaudenes y Nebot, Count Volney, the Marquis d'Yrujo. These are all finer pictorially than most of the American male portraits, and expressed with a more complete sympathy.

Let us play the second hand of the game. I will choose a list of a dozen American female portraits which for sheer vitality and vivid personal presence will bear comparison with any dozen female portraits by any painter whatsoever—Rembrandt only barred. The list is: Mrs. William Bingham, Miss Maria Bartlett, Miss Clementina Beach, Mrs. John Bullus, Mrs. Samuel Cary, Mrs. Henry Clymer, Mrs. Charles Dearborn, Mrs. James Greenleaf, Miss Elizabeth Inches, Mrs. Perez Morton (the sketch), Mrs. Edward Tuckerman, the Marchioness d'Yrujo (née Maria McKean). The substitution of an English portrait or two, such as that of the Marchioness of Dufferin, would enrich the list. Now I am perfectly aware that from many painters could be chosen a dozen female portraits of finer pictorial accomplishment, but I doubt if any other dozen save Rembrandt's would yield so many keen and irresistible impressions of so many actual women. Merely turning over the relatively unspeaking reproductions there comes over me the old pathos of Franceois Villon's deathless ballade—the deep pity that so much charm, character, and warm life is now but scattered bones, white as the snows of yesteryear, and a handful of brown dust.

* * *

I feel the reader will find not only that my list will bear the proposed hard test, but that two or three alternative lists could be chosen that would meet the test as well. If this be so, my initial assertion that Stuart is the greatest painter of woman's character stands, and we gain the further point of view that when Stuart painted women the usually clear line between fine portraiture and consummate face painting tends to disappear.

We may attempt to interpret these facts in terms of Gilbert Stuart's life and character. Returning at forty to the native land which he had willingly left at her moment of greatest need, Stuart really returned as a distinguished foreigner, with a foreigner's attitude. For that robust and varied man's world of which he had been a large part in the London of Dr. Johnson, Reynolds, and Pitt, Stuart found no equivalent in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. His homesickness he was too tactful to reveal, though it appears plainly enough in his anecdotage, and he assuaged it by wit and work. To the American man he gave what the American man wanted, a most resolute and resemblant face-painting. The value of this work as record has been acclaimed from the first and needs no further eulogy. But he rarely found in any American man that challenging charm which graces nearly all the portraits of his London patrons and familiars. In part this may have rested on simple inattention. There could hardly have been a more interesting male anywhere at the moment than Aaron Burr, yet Stuart painted a dull and perfunctory portrait of him. This is merely the extreme case of Stuart's always fine face-painting falling short of fine portraiture.

* * *

Towards the American woman Gilbert Stuart's attitude was that of all perceptive foreigners. She was a marvel, a puzzle, and a delight. She was herself, an independent and unconditioned existence, in a sense that the American man busied with nation making could not be. So Stuart read her, confessed her, and most gallantly celebrated her, with the result that the mothers and daughters of the Republic are today about twice as alive as the fathers. And Stuart's admirable face-painting of women is ever tending to be much more than face-painting, going over the line towards fine portraiture. How Gilbert Stuart learned his magic as a feminist is between himself, Mrs. Stuart, and his God. It is enough to ascertain the fact without seeking an explanation.

I should be glad if these interpretations of an artist who through official and patriotic eminence has nearly evaporated as a man shoud be considered my homage to the late Lawrence Park's long labor of love upon which this and all subsequent interpretations of Gilbert Stuart must chiefly depend.

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Showman and Songwriter

THE SECRETS OF A SHOWMAN. By CHARLES B. COCHRAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. $5.

AFTER THE BALL. By CHARLES K. HARRIS. New York: Frank Maurice. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by FRANK TUTTLE

AN American song-writer and a British showman have written their autobiographies and revealed the pleasing fact that vivid contrasts are possible even in the field of theatrical reminiscence, where most personalities achieve a common level in the tedious sameness of their anecdotage.

At the end of his story the composer of "After the Ball" retires with a happy bow which suggests the farewell of a stage favorite whose audience greets his good-bye with a cheerful smile, confident that its hero's retirement is happily impermanent. The conclusion of his forty years of melody leaves Charles Harris still "sitting on top of the world —just singing a song"—and it is, we have gratefully gathered as we read, a song of many sixpence.

In keen contrast, the final chapters of Cochran's "The Secrets of a Showman" deal with the author's complete financial failure. The book is really "A Showman's Tragedy." It is the story of an English Pierrot. Harris is a Yankee Harlequin.

Both books share a fault common to the type. There is a superfluity of theatrical anecdotes in which the name of the chief character is craftily withheld until the end of the story, and then dramatically revealed with an effect which would be startling if the reader had ever heard of the celebrity.

"—and that actress was Charlotte Cushman!", Robert Benchley recently had it in a delightful burlesque of stage reminiscences.

* * *

The Yankee optimism and push which shine from Harris's book are its pervading note. From the moment the self-taught child banjoist plays his first tune on a crude instrument he had made out of a "flat tin oyster can and part of a broom handle," the issue is never in doubt. "After the Ball" and "Break the News to Mother" are inevitable. The energy and determination with which the composer put his songs before the public in the face of discouragement are apparent in the first pages of the narrative. True, the "breaks" were frequently his. "Break the News to Mother" had been shelved because it seemed to need a war-stirred public to put it over. Then the country read that the Maine had been sunk in Havana Harbor. But if luck was sometimes with him, there were other times when Harris barked up the wrong tin pan alley. The point is that he barked up them all; and with the aggressiveness of a modern go-getter and the shrewdness of a New England horse-trader.

An excellent quality in Harris's narrative is his wholesome pride in his successes. He neither apologizes for the commercial quality of his output on the one hand, nor is he unconscious of its mawkish sentimentality on the other. When he started in the business he conceived the then novel idea of the song telling a story and having a definite relationship to the situation in which it was introduced. He is justifiably proud of this, but he does not take his creeping babies and his bleeding hearts too seriously. He knew what they wanted, and he had the gift to give it to them.

Perhaps the most interesting fact in the Harris book lies in his praise of another song writer, a Paul Dresser, who wrote "On the Banks of the Wabash." And that song writer's brother (to tell it in the approved style) was Theodore Dreiser.

The range of showmanship covered by Charles B. Cochran is astounding. Into his theatrical experience he has crowded everything from prize-fights and wrestling bouts to "The Miracle," from animal acts to lavish musical revues. The showman's secret which his story emphasizes is that popularized by P. T. Barnum, James Branch Cabell, and W. C. Fields—"Mundus vult decipi"—"Never give a sucker an even break" (because he pays to be fooled). Hackenschmitt had to be taught by Cochran not to win too quickly. Even "The Miracle" needed its In hoc Hokum (*ex cathedra*). This is the ostensible Cochran message—but it is not quite convincing. His real secret—and the beauty of the book is that he is still wistfully sheltering it on the last page—in this: your true showman loves his show, and loves not wisely but too well. He may wear his art on his sleeve and flip it into space with a worldly wink at your gullibility, but more than likely the minute your back is turned he is off on guilty tip-toes to worship in the little ancient temple of beauty.

This is the showman's real secret—and his tragedy. The history of Cochran's final failure is told with an impersonal dignity which never makes a bid for sympathy—and so inevitably obtains it.

No doubt the value of "The Secrets of a Showman" lies in the intimate glimpse it affords of the personalities who have peopled the stage of England and America for the past generation, but its charm is in the personality of its author—a showman and an artist.

Naval Warfare

BATTLESHIPS IN ACTION. By H. W. WILSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by Captain THOMAS G. FROTHINGHAM

THIS is a more comprehensive work than is indicated by its title. Instead of being confined to the actions of battleships, the author gives accounts of the fights of all types of ships in the era of ironclads. The beginning of this era was in reality set by the use of shell-firing guns. It was not merely the increase in size and range of ordnance which rendered the oldtime close broadside actions impossible, but this was brought about by the introduction of the gun which would fire explosive shells.

The oldtime "bombshell" was leisurely propelled from a mortar, installed on a fixed base ashore or on a ponderous floating battery. But, when these shells were fired from guns, the dangers from them, on penetrating a ship, became so great, not only from the increased destruction of life but also from the threats of fire and explosion, that it was obvious warships must have increased protection. There had been tentative designs of ironclads before, but it was not until about 1840 that this situation called into being armored ships, in the modern sense of the word.

Mr. Wilson dismisses in short terms the first French and British armored ships and the armored floating batteries of the Crimean War, and then treats at length the developments when "the first use of armored vessels on any considerable scale came in the American Civil War of 1861-5." It was true that this extraordinary and epoch-making war, which revolutionized all tactics on land, had an equally revolutionary effect upon warfare on the sea. The author has given an account of the monitors, which were destined to be the ancestors of the modern dreadnoughts, and he has also described the other operations, on the coast, on island waters, on the blockade, and on commerce destroying raids.

* * *

The United States Navy had actually designed and built a seagoing ironclad warship, with high freeboard, three turrets aligned on the keel, and totally discarding all sail rigging—in fact embodying all the essentials of a modern battleship. But this design, *U. S. S. Roanoke* (1863), had escaped the notice of Mr. Wilson, as it also escaped the minds of the designers in European navies. And the author's ensuing chapters give narratives of the years when the European naval constructors still adhered to the use of heavy sail rigs on their armored warships. These years, following the Civil War, found the United States Navy in the period of reaction, when our Navy was reduced to its lowest limit, and the United States was not a factor in naval design.

The battle of Lissa (1866) between these clumsily rigged ironclads is described, and the author explains the mistaken doctrine which was evolved from this action. "The effect of the battle on naval development was marked. For nearly a generation it fastened attention on the ram, and led all navies to build ships designed for end-on attacks." But eventually this idea was to disappear when the progress of the designs in armored ships gave increased speed and handiness to these warships, with greater ranges of guns and the use of mobile torpedoes. But there was not much naval fighting of any serious character in this period, as the Franco-German War of 1870 was practically fought on land. The same can be said of the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8. Yet it is well worth while to read the narratives of these actions, in order to understand what happened on board ship. As is now well known, the unsuccessful bombardment of the Alexandria forts (1882) in reality marked the measure of the failure of ships' guns against guns on shore, which was so strikingly shown in the World War.

The events of the war between Japan and China (1894-5), the Spanish-American War (1898), the Russo-Japanese War (1904-5), the Italo-Turkish War (1911-12), and the Balkan War (1912-13), are well and graphically narrated. These with the toll of the battleship disasters since the introduction of armor, complete the first volume. It makes a valuable book for the study of warships and their tactics up to the time of the World War.

Mr Wilson's second volume deals solely with the World War. And, whereas his first volume was especially free from expressions of personal opinion, and commendable for sticking to the narratives of events, his second is really controversial from the first, and the reader must be warned to separate the accounts of the operations themselves from the opinions too frequently stated by the author. Of course this reflects the controversies in the British Navy, which has been so notable in reference to the World War.

Mr. Wilson's attitude toward the naval history of the World War is stated in advance in his preface. He has "received much information from officers in the British Navy both during the Great War and since its close." He then goes on to express his admiration for "the greatness of such leadership as Lord Beatty's." He thus aligns himself with one of the sides in the present naval controversies in Great Britain. This is, of course, unfortunate for one whose task is to state the facts of the operations of warships in the World War. Mr. Wilson's bias is evidently unintentional, and is only a reflection of the first exaggerated estimates of the British Battle Cruiser Fleet, which were much in fashion in the early writings on the World War.

* * *

It is now evident, from the known facts of the two main actions in the North Sea, that this force had not been drilled to high efficiency in gunnery. And Admiral Beatty's control of his command by signals proved lacking in the events. In Mr. Wilson's account of the Dogger Banks engagement, he misses the point that Admiral Beatty's hasty signal had put his fleet at right angles to the chase, and in fact broken off the chase. In his account of the initial stage of the Battle of Jutland, Mr. Wilson states, of Admiral Beatty's failure to concentrate his whole force against Admiral Hipper, "Beatty could only concentrate his force by falling back with his battle cruisers on the 5th Battle Squadron or by reducing speed, in order to let the 5th Battle Squadron come up." The actual fact was Beatty had come into his interposing position at only the low speed of 19 knots, and he had almost an hour to close the 5th Battle Squadron before, in his own words, he "increased speed to 25 knots" to engage.

Allowance must be made for the influences surrounding Mr. Wilson in writing this second volume, especially in regard to the Battle of Jutland. As to this great naval action, the established facts have turned out to be so different from the various British accounts, that British writers are still in a maze. If the reader will take this into account, and read the narratives of events without being influenced by bias, this second volume will also be found valuable in giving the picture of the stirring scenes on the seas in the World War.

From this point of view, the work is really useful. The descriptions of the operations are very well done, and the illustrations are of absorbing interest.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Turkey and the West

TURKEY. By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE and KENNETH P. KIRKWOOD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927.

Reviewed by HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG
Author of "The New Balkans"

IS the American more devoted to the abstract than the Britisher, or is he simply less well informed? If we are to take the word of Messrs. Toynbee and Kirkwood (and whose word would be better in the circumstances?) the first thought entering an Englishman's mind when he hears the word "Turkey" is of Turkish carpets and tobacco and of the "Manchester goods" that Levantine traders take back to Constantinople and Smyrna in return; the second is geographical—of the "bridge to Asia," the Straits, the Bagdad railway, the road to India; and only thirdly does he think of the Turks themselves, their mental and moral characteristics, their education and spiritual salvation.

The order is very different with us. We smoke Turkish tobacco and eat Smyrna figs, as do the English, but our mental picture when we hear the word "Turkey" is more like that of an Englishman of Gladstone's day. The "terrible Turk," harems, and Armenian atrocities, blend curiously with the reports of certain cautious missionaries about gallant, grey-eyed Turkish officers and Robert Collegians thirsting not for blood but for western knowledge and derby hats.

Evidently, then, a book about Turkey by competent Englishmen will be useful to the American public. In this, the latest volume in "The Modern World" series, the authors tell, in a sympathetic way, many things about the Turk that are not well known in this country—his political traditions and habits, his abilities in agriculture and commerce, his conception of the relations his new country should maintain with neighboring countries. As a background to this picture the authors give a very interesting brief account of Turkish history, and in particular of the transformation the country underwent after it had received, among other gifts from the West, a dose of Europe's own ascendant nationalism.

Luckily, this gift was received not only by the Turks, but by other Islamic nationalities. Luckily, too, those under non-Muslim rule received it later than did the non-Turkish peoples of the Ottoman Empire. The Turks had counted on stirring up other Islamic nations to join them in a Holy War. They failed, and instead the Arabs revolted against them, coreligionists though they were. It was not until after the world war, when all hope of a Jehad had been abandoned, that the Afghans, Persians, Rifians, and Egyptians made serious trouble for their western masters.

The question we naturally ask today is whether the Turks, having been thoroughly nationalized in true European style, are now going to be able to stand the pace at which Mustapha Kemal's government has been pushing forward the process of occidentalization in politics and economics. Messrs. Toynbee and Kirkwood are optimistic, but even such sympathetic critics are cautious. They believe there is no reason, physiological or psychological, why the Turks should not acquire the technical education and commercial and agricultural skill which used to be the monopoly of the Greek and Armenian elements in the Ottoman Empire. They recognize the likelihood that periods of social and cultural stagnation and reaction will follow the activity of Mustapha Kemal's "enlightened despotism," but think that though new leaders do not seem to be coming into sight "the nation has its feet firmly set on the Western road of progress" and that "the danger of conscious and deliberate reaction is past."

Since the volume was completed there have been new manifestations of Angora's political tyranny and hyper-nationalism to add to the examples given by the authors. Some believe that they indicate a weakening of the authority of Mustapha Kemal, and that eventually the opposition, though scattered and persecuted, will be able to awaken support for a counter-revolution. There also is always the risk, common to all dictatorships, that if the central figure should be suddenly removed the whole structure might tumble. This uncertainty is in itself enough to give pause to those who otherwise might feel like making too glowing and definite statements regarding the stability of the new order of things enforced from Angora.

Qwertyuiop

A Shirtsleeves History

II. ART IN BROBDIGNAG

HOW does the average citizen best remember the year 1912? Most probably as the year of the "Titanic" disaster, the Bull Moose party, the dramatic and tragic end of the South Pole race between Scott and Amundsen, Madero in Mexico, the waiters' strike in the large New York hotels, the Allen feud in Virginia, the Billion-dollar Subway, America winning the Olympics at Stockholm, and the shooting of Herman Rosenthal at the Hotel Metropole, with its attendant underworld exposé. Sportsmen will particularly recall how the "Senators" were aroused at "Matty's" failure to pitch against Walter Johnson (known as the Kansas Cyclone); how Galbraith Rodgers (the first aviator to fly from the Atlantic to the Pacific) fell to his death at Long Beach on the edge of the surf; how "Matty" beat Three-Fingered Brown and the Cubs at Chi; how Pat MacDonald, the famous policeman, won the international shotput across the sea, while Ted Meredith established a new mark in the four hundred metres; how the *Campania* bested the Kaiser's *Meteor* at Kiel, how Mary Browne of California captured the national woman's singles and doubles at Philadelphia; how Maurie McLoughlin, conquering Dick Williams in the semi-final, took Wallace Johnson of the chop-stroke into camp in the final match of the 32nd tennis National after a gruelling five sets; and how Jerry Travers won the National golf title from Chick Evans. These latter will also doubtless resurrect in reminiscence the muff of one Snodgrass, which, in the tenth inning in Boston, cost his teammates a little matter of $29,514, and made the Sox champions. This event remains starred in the annals of our greatest national occupation, baseball. Bill Lampton, the newspaper bard, thus sang the triumph:

The Red Sox came down like a drought on the greens,
Their cohorts all gleaming from pork and from beans,
While the crack of their bats was like shots that were shot
To land with effect where the armor was not.
For the Red Sox blew in like a furious blast
And tore from the Giants the pennant at last!

"Sports" will further probably disinter the memory of the great Kohlemainen, the Finnish runner (despite these be-Nurmied days). For six thousand in 1912 saw *that* flying Finn set a new marathon record at the Eastern Motordrome track in Vailsburg, Newark,—saw him reduce the old figures for 26 miles 385 yards by two minutes and forty-two seconds. . . .

* * *

Topers will remember,—but why cause them to pipe their lachrymal glands by mention of the grand old advertisements, so frank and flagrant in the press! There was announced Gilbey's London Dry, the Extra Pure Gin, for sale by Acker, Merrall and Condit. There stood the great names of Budweiser, Old Crow Rye (*not* blended, *not* adulterated) King William, Evans Ale, Hollander's Pilsner, Spey-Royal, Jacob Ruppert's Knickerbocker Beer, Usher's Green Stripe, and so on. Such an embarrasment of riches as we may never see again—certainly not at the same prices!

Politicians? What a year it was for politics! A dithyramb or so to this also! Governor Wilson was just emerging before the nation. The many roto-gravure pictures of Miss Jessie, Miss Eleanor Randolph, and Miss Margaret Woodrow cast their shadows before. While men connected with the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers were being arrested on Federal warrants in all parts of the country, charged with complicity in a vast dynamite conspiracy involving such men as the McNamaras and Ortie McManigal,—while shots were being fired at the King of Italy, strikes threatened from the United Mine Workers,—while Russia and Turkey growled at each other over Persia and Asquith burst into tears as conferences failed between mine-owners and miners in England,—Taft snowed the good Colonel under in delegates and London *Punch* later proceeded to celebrate his Republican nomination as follows,—parodying Sir William Watson's sonnet to Roosevelt:

I see a mighty people, driven daft
By the stentorian enemy of their peace.
Amidst them, most majestically obese,
Thou towerest like a mountain, massive Taft,
Exuberantly rotund, fore and aft.
The fateful day draws on by slow degrees.
The ship of State is pooped by perilous seas.
And would'st thou steer once more that giant craft?

Then I forget most of the sestet, but I know that the sonnet ended:

Thou art the cosmic bulge, the overspill;
Thou art America, Brobdignagian Bill!

Roosevelt bolted, denying the progressiveness of the Brobdignagian one. John Muir, the nature writer of the Sierras, at John Burroughs's seventy-fifth birthday party, had averred that, next to "Teddy," Governor Wilson seemed "to have a deeper understanding of the genius of this country than any of the other men in the field." When the Colonel swept Illinois, "Mr. Dooley" took up the Referendum and Recall with amusing comment. Bryan was later assigned to worry the Bull Moose and follow the Colonel's trail into every debatable state. The deadlock at Baltimore was broken July 3rd on the 46th ballot and Wilson and Marshall came through. On the seventh of August, T. R. was nominated as third-term candidate by his new party, with Hiram Johnson, of California, for Vice-President. George W. Perkins emerged strongly as a Bull-Mooser. As for the "Governor," Mrs. Borden Harriman's new woman's National Wilson and Marshall organization boasted a poetess named Elizabeth Gordon Gross who trilled

Where are you going my pretty maid?
To vote for Wilson, sir, she said;
Why for Wilson . . . ? etc., etc.
Because he's for downward revision, she said.

Gertrude Atherton, talking to the women voters of California, supported Wilson because "he could never possibly be called 'Woody'." Hamlin Garland intended to campaign in the fall for the Progressive party. Big Bill Haywood was arrested as a strike plotter in September, and red flag parades rioted in Lawrence while the Socialists cheered.

* * *

'Gene Debs spoke before 15,000 at the old Garden, as Socialist candidate for President. He declared that if the Lawrence strike leaders, Ettor and Giovannitti (the latter being the poet and author of "Arrows in the Gale") were convicted of murder, the workers of the whole country would rise. Seidel, the ex-Mayor of Milwaukee, contended that Roosevelt had stolen twenty-one planks from the Socialist party. Meanwhile, beyond our ken, war had begun in the Balkans, Russia and Austria-Hungary were seeking to manipulate the Slav kingdoms. And nearer home (how history repeats itself) the last rebel refuge in Nicaragua fell to the United States Marines.

At this point Norman Hapgood resigned from nine years editing of *Collier's Weekly* because he could not agree with Mark Sullivan, the associate editor, as to the respective merits of the Bull Moose and Democratic candidates. At least, such was the report. Sullivan had written a strong Roosevelt editorial. Then, even as Tom Shevlin took hold of the Yale eleven, the Bulgars began to chase the Turks, Vice-President Sherman died, sixteen thousand men and women went into a frenzy over Roosevelt at the Garden, and the Porte commenced to sue for peace through the Powers.

On November 6th, Wilson got 409 electoral votes, Roosevelt 107, Taft 15. Islam was summoned to a Holy War. Middle Europe prepared to interfere. Salonika fell. . . . But, all this time, what of those enamoured of *libellus in angulo*, what of the book-in-a-nookers, what of the folk interested in literary affairs?

Their interests had persisted despite—well, for instance, despite that shock to the whole country on April 16th, when, five days out, the S. S. *Titanic* found too late that the Northern icepacks had broken up early. Faulty bulkheads and boats too few! The Cunarder *Carpathia* came home on the night of the eighteenth with seven hundred survivors. The dead were fifteen hundred. Subsequent investi-

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gation bore hard on J. Bruce Ismay, Managing Director of the White Star. The country was stunned. . . .

But it is beyond our scope here to recapitulate in detail concerning that terrible event. One of the victims of the great tragedy was Jacques Futrelle, once a journalist in Atlanta and, at the time, a rising young writer of romances beloved by his many friends. He and his wife both perished. . . .

In May it was announced that the Authors' League of America was to be formed. It was modeled upon the Author's Society of London. The first general meeting was to be called in the near future. A committee had been organized consisting of Kate Douglas Wiggin, William Milligan Sloane, Augustus Thomas, Arthur Train, and Owen Johnson. Louis Joseph Vance, then in his phase of novels all beginning with B, (*vide* "The Brass Bowl"), was a member of the Society of Authors in England and had, seven years before, returned from that country with the intention of sounding auctorial sentiment concerning a similar organization over here. Would Mark Twain accept the Presidency of such a league? Clemens, white-clad among the frondage of Bermuda, had spoken solemnly from out the cloud—of cigar-smoke. "I wouldn't," he averred, "for the world be president of *anything!*" But despite this setback there had been an informal meeting of those interested at *The Players* in 1911. The first formal meeting was held the subsequent February in the studio of Owen Johnson. It was pointed out that since '83, when its leading spirit was Walter Besant, the English Society of Authors had been going strong. The "Société des Gens des Lettres" was also referred to. Thus came into being what is today a national organization of the highest value to all writers in this country, one which numbers among its members almost every author of any importance in the States. Its founding was a milestone of practical progress.

(*To be continued in a fortnight*)

Tragic Years

THE TWO SISTERS. By H. E. Bates. New York: The Viking Press. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Robert B. Macdougall

MR. BATES, an Englishman in his early twenties, has chosen in his first novel to tell of a few brief years in the lives of Jenny and Tessie Lee. "The Two Sisters" is English to the last word, and the girls are very different from most of the book-born young women that we have recently met. They remind us inevitably of the Brontës in the gloomy Haworth days. Jenny, the eluder of the Lee sisters, turns soon after her mother's death towards a quiet, restrained maturity, while Tessie flirts with her father's anger as she tries to snatch a little pleasure before all opportunity has passed beyond her reach. Soon Michael comes into their lives, a silent, helpless sort of fellow, setting topsy-turvy their spirits and emotions, succeeding only, for all his amiable intentions, in bringing them unhappiness. Through the pattern of this conflict there is woven a jagged streak of crimson that is the girls' father, malicious, cunning, maniacal. Mr. Bates goes deep into those four characters, plumbing their eccentricities and their fears, until we see them as vivid sacrifices to the colossal carelessness of life.

To an unusual narrative has been brought a technique, an artistic method, that is unusual in like degree. This method consists largely in omitting most of the detail that the average novelist of today considers essential. For instance, we never are told the exact appearance or arrangement of the house where so much of the action takes place. But we do have fixed indelibly in our minds the bedroom of the father, because there the most powerful scene of the novel takes place; we see it through Jenny's emotions as she confronts the terror that she should love. In like manner the hall of the home is cruelly vivid, for there the tragedy of the Lees has its climax. But of brick and stone enumerations, of petty realism, either psychological or material, there is nothing. In its place we find suggestion, connotation, and the power of indirect rather than direct description. As a result, "The Two Sisters," through economy, through judicious selection of symbol, through subtlety, gives forth a power that flatters and exhilarates the reador. Fidelity to the highest truth of character and incident is the ultimate ideal of Mr. Bates's refreshing adjustment of values.

Though an excellent novel, it is by no means perfect. We may well quarrel with the liberal doses of frank melodrama, as well as with the episodic, almost jerky, progress of the plot. It almost seems as if Mr. Bates has difficulty in penetrating his characters except in their moments of greatest physical stress. As a result we have storms, floods, suddenness, and violence in chapter after chapter, and finally, becoming conscious of this tendency away from serenity, we wonder whether such an atmosphere is best suited for the development of intricate character. Surely it was wrong for Mr. Bates to suppose that violent upheavals in the hearts and minds of Jenny and Tessie and Michael must be accompanied by an external uproad. As a consequence, the novel is a trifle discordant; it has not the harmony that it needs for utmost effectiveness. Furthermore, it lacks the inevitable forward pressure that a genuinely tragic story should have, for the episodes remain more or less isolated episodes rather than an accumulation of force in preparation for the final catastrophe.

Mr. Edward Garnett has written a laudatory foreword to the novel; in general he is just in his praise. Certainly neither he nor anyone else is likely to overestimate the excellence of Mr. Bates's portraits of the two sisters, of their father, and of Michael. Merely these studies in character would make "The Two Sisters" memorable; but it has many other admirable qualities, not all of which have been indicated by this review. The thoughtful reader will find that in the author of this novel he meets a new literary figure, a figure in all probability to be reckoned with.

Strange Bedfellows

SHORT TURNS. By Barry Benefield. New York: The Century Co. 1926. $2.

ANN LEE'S: AND OTHER STORIES. By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

THE CASUARINA TREE. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Gladys Graham

REVIEWING makes strange bedfellows, too, and three stranger ones than "Short Turns," "Ann Lee's," and "The Casuarina Tree" were never tucked up for the nonce together,—but they are all volumes of short stories and they were all published this fall—and their antithetical qualities throw into sharp relief their various merits. Some readers will like one, a few can encompass two, but only a very catholic taster of literature will be able to relish all three.

"Short Turns," by Barry Benefield, will not come as new material to appreciators of good short stories, for the contents of this volume have appeared in various magazines over a period of several years. "Daughters of Joy," for instance,—what ages ago it seems when it appeared in *The Smart Set* while that magazine still wore its foolish heart-dotted grey covers and published the work of little known authors like D. H. Lawrence, James Branch Cabell, and James Joyce! Having read it then, you will not have forgotten the story,—that tale of a few days in a bawdy house, with the corpse of one of these *filles de joie* in "the parlor" and the mother who has come for the funeral entertained by the madame and girls in creaking respectability so that she may not guess her daughter's profession. The story needed no dénouement—but it had one—you remember? Most of these tales of Mr. Benefield do have one, and that is why no review of this author's work is ever complete without a reference to a certain American O. H. and a certain French G. de M. Yet there is no real need to go into that comparison, for a short story should have qualified before the last paragraph and any story that needs a surprise ending cannot be saved by one. Mr. Benefield's have no such need, and if he is inclined to crimp them up neatly at the *finale* it is because he finds life at that ironic trick often enough to justify it. "Blocker Locke" may be the best story in the book: a narrative of gentleness run amuck and into crime through fear of being looked at askance by "nice people." Wanting only peace with dishonor, Blocker is forced into the heroic rôle for the supreme bungle of his life. "Carrie Snyder" is a saga of friendship—that between a little boy and the town bad woman. If it leans a little toward the sentimental at times, it has long before so enmeshed you that you don't even care. It should be read, all of these stories should be either read or re-read.

Mind the step! It's a steep one from "Short Turns" to "The Casuarina Tree." From Simplicity to Sophistication, as our old friend, Horatio Alger, might have said. For "The Casuarina Tree" is Mr. Maugham at his suavest, and if none of the stories are as good as "Miss Thompson" (better known locally in its reincarnation behind the footlights as "Rain") they are at least very good reading and technically most cleverly wrought. It is the trick of drawing such a delicacy of style across the reddest and rawest of passions that makes it possible for Mr. Maugham to give us—what he does give us. He writes about murder without getting blood on the pages because he is more interested in the effect of this on that, of one person on another, than he is in the gestures, pitiful or tragic, that they are finally driven to. These are tales of English people in the Malay Peninsula, and the nerves of these folk tautened in an alien land make a perfect instrument for the art of Somerset Maugham. Why the Casuarina Tree? You must turn to the preface—he gives several good reasons.

And "Ann Lee's." This is a further withdrawal into the cerebral fastnesses. A slight tendency toward flattery is sometimes discernible on publishers' jackets these days, and in this case the comparison of Miss Bowen to Katherine Mansfield may a little incline toward optimism,—and yet there is some justice in it. At her best the author of "Ann Lee's" does resemble the author of "The Garden Party." Both are primarily interested in how certain people behave in a given situation—with the given situation left out. But whereas Katherine Mansfield's focal point never wavers and the reader's interest is always in the mental life of the characters—the action and reaction of emotion and instinct—Miss Bowen's touch is less sure, and the interest often slithers off to the question of "What *had* happened?"—which is fatal to this tenebrous dissection of *döppelgänger*. But at her best—and there are several sketches in "Ann Lee's" which come under this head—Miss Bowen does succeed in creating her atmosphere and in holding it frailly irridescent to the end.

Sporting Chronicles

YOUNG TOM HALL, HIS HEART-ACHES AND HORSES. By Robert Smith Surtees. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $6.

HENRY CHAPLIN. A Memoir by His Daughter, the Marchioness of Londonderry. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

RATCATCHER TO SCARLET. By Cecil Aldin. London, Eyre and Spottiswoode, Ltd. 1926.

Reviewed by Alfred Stoddart

THE recovery and publication in book form of an almost forgotten tale by Robert Smith Surtees, even though it be an unfinished one, is an event of no little importance to readers of sporting literature, all the more so because this incomplete fragment is Surtees at his best. The fact that the novel has no definite conclusion is insignificant. All of Surtees's incomparable satire and humor is there, and several of the characters, especially that of "old Tom Hall," are as clearly defined and as humorously depicted as his immortal "Jorrocks" or his almost equally beloved "Soapy Sponge." The history of "Young Tom Hall" is interesting. Written in 1851 and offered first to *Punch* it was declined by Mark Lemon, then editor, because of its length. Surtees had, in accordance with the leisurely custom of those days, written the first seven chapters only, meaning to complete the novel as it was printed. It has always been a mooted question how much of Surtees's fame is due to his principal illustrator, John Leech. But this story somehow failed to engage Leech's pencil, which probably accounts for the fact that it has never been republished. It was finally accepted by Harrison Ainsworth, editor of Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine,* and seventeen chapters of the story were printed. Surtees had stipulated, as he always did, that the story should be published anonymously, which must have been a gratuitous ruling. His style was so well known and his popularity was such that everyone must have known he was the author. But Ainsworth apparently broke his pact by advertising Surtees's name as the writer and the latter summarily declined to finish the story.

It is difficult to assign to Surtees his rightful place

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in English literature. There are those, no doubt, who would refuse him a niche in its hall of fame at all, but they would be wrong. Surtees's sporting characters, though drawn with broad strokes, are as real as Trollope's clergymen. It must be born in mind also that, at the time he wrote, the hunting field was an even more significant part of English life than it is today. Surtees was a country gentleman and sportsman, writing for other sportsmen, and he himself would probably have been the last to claim the ability to delineate the finer shades of life in the sense that Thackeray and Dickens depicted them. But within his limited field of sport and satire he was and always will be unapproachable. His work was not always even in quality but those who love "Jorrocks," "Sponge's Sporting Tour," and "Facey Romford's Hounds" will find "Young Tom Hall" well worthy of a place beside those classics. G. Denholm Armour has supplied illustrations in color and monotone, which do not suffer by comparison with what John Leech might have done—than which there is no higher praise.

* * *

I do not suppose there are half a dozen people in the United States who will read the memoir of Henry Chaplin with any degree of pleasure or profit. The name of Chaplin can only convey one idea to the average American who goes to the movies and the image conjured up by it will not be that of a distinguished British sportsman and statesman. In reviewing Lord Willoughby De Broke's "Passing Years" for *The Saturday Review* I commended it to Americans who desired a competent study of the land owning British aristocracy written from the inside. Lady Londonderry's memoir of her father, Lord Chaplin, belongs in the same class, but it is not nearly so well done. This is a pity because the career of Henry Chaplin, even though it never rose far beyond the level of respectable mediocrity, either as a sportsman or as a statesman, could from our point of view, have afforded an extremely interesting biography.

Born to high social position and an heir to considerable wealth, he followed the traditional lines established for his kind in sport, in politics, and in social life. An early and almost life-long friend was the then Prince of Wales (King Edward the Seventh), and it was in the circle once known as the "Prince of Wales's set" that Henry Chaplin moved and had his being. He won the Derby of 1867 with Hermit, a horse not of his own breeding, however. Otherwise his career on the Turf was not especially distinguished. Lady Londonderry has been at great pains to depict her father in every phase of his life as a sportsman, in politics, and in his social relations. A more skilful biographer might have drawn him more distinctly, not as a great man, which he was not, but as an outstanding type of a class which is giving way before the irresistible march of human progress.

* * *

The veteran artist and sportsman, Cecil Alden, has hit upon a very happy idea for his new volume "Ratcatcher to Scarlet." In explanation of the title (which might have been a better one) one must remember that "ratcatcher" is English slang for a plain riding coat of tweed, while the "scarlet" refers to the ceremonial "pink" coat of the full-fledged fox hunter. The book is intended for those who are about to make the transition, for the "young entry," as the author puts it, and I know of no more useful and inspiring work for those who propose to follow the hounds and who would be saved from many errors of taste and sportsmanship.

It is true that many of the points covered have to do with the etiquette of fox hunting in England where the observance of many fine points is more insisted upon than in this country. But fox hunting is an English sport and almost all of the rules of conduct which should be followed in an English hunting field have the same application here.

Moreover, the rules of hunting etiquette like the rules of good manners everywhere are based upon consideration of the rights of others. It is perfectly possible for an inexperienced sportsman, by some awkward blunder, to spoil sport for a hundred others, and it is in the avoidance of such "breaks" that one may learn from Mr. Aldin's book. The book contains, also, excellent advice in the difficult matter of purchasing horses and the even more difficult one of riding them over jumps and so on; altogether a most useful and really entertaining volume. Cecil Aldin's illustrations are charming and would "make" the book without a line of letter press.

The BOWLING GREEN

Grub Street Runners

EVERY era produces its specialized types: and this latest lustrum, one of enormous hilarity in the publishing business, has given new angles and colors to that delightful person, the Publisher's Young Man.

I don't think much has ever been said about him. Discretion is his *sine qua non*, and he has been dipped so deeply in the dragon's blood of printers' ink that his secrecy is almost one hundred proof. Yet, like Siegfried or Achilles, there is one vulnerable spot. It is the lunch hour. In that brief vacuum—not always so brief, perhaps—when the darksome back rooms of incognito restaurants mingle a premature romance of evening with the candor and energy of midday, sometimes he tells his tales. For that is part of the topsyturving that our inverted age has brought about: that lunches nowadays are lit and liquored with the tones and fluids proper only to dusk.

In the old days—I mean about the time of Halley's Comet—there were Publishers' Readers. They were young Harvard men, mostly, and often, if possible, they grew beards. They led a mild, cheery, tepidly intellectual existence, with a rolltop desk and a filing case and aiblins a framed autographed menu card of a Hasty Pudding Club dinner at which Tom Aldrich had been guest. If matters became confidential they would show you their first editions of Swinburne, and (growing reckless) lament the meagre appreciation of George Gissing. They had a hale and solemn respect for Authors, and did not dream of becoming intimate with them.

* * *

I maintain that it was Harry Steger who was the first of the modern rout of Publishers' Young Men. Harry—dead these thirteen years—is well remembered still. He was the first of the Grub Street Runners. He was before his time. But even he, a strong Elizabethan blade, could not survive the tumult of that way of life. Perhaps I exaggerate Harry's importance in the secret history of publishing, because he was the first Grub Street Runner I ever met.

I am not going to tell any of the genial inside merriments of the Publishers' Young Men. I was one myself for a little while, and I know too well how important is their privacy. And now there is even a new shoal of them—the Young Publishers' Young Men, whose life is difficult enough already; pure liquor is scarce to find, and suppose, in the course of gruntling an important Author you happen to poison him? I only wish, conscientious student of Sociology, to point out the existence of the type, and its charming humors.

* * *

The Grub Street Runner is young, a trifle peaked, and to a great extent has succeeded in "eliminating the nocturnal stupor" as some jovial reviewer in this paper said in alluding to the unimportance of sleep. Sometimes he has a little darkness under his eyes: it is an inevitable transpiration from the assorted secrecies which crowd him within. When I say he is young, I mean he is shortly under thirty at the moment when ripest for observation. For at thirty or thereabouts he either dies suddenly, of an excess of dinners of Poetry Societies, Authors' Leagues and American Penwomen; or he marries and begins to read Montaigne, whom he has heard referred to so often in the course of a thousand literary evenings. He and his wife take a colonial cottage somewhere up toward Westport, full of pewter and framed woodcuts, and he has time to slice the pages of his Bruce Rogers editions.

It is a jocund life while it lasts; indeed it is better than that, it is a life warmly packed with fine enthusiasms and generous hilarities which have their valuable effect upon the literature of his time. Genuine lover of all things fine and sensitive, he must also school himself to meet and mollify, without disillusion, the various tribe of authors and artists. The publishing business is so miscellaneous nowadays, the Grub Street Runner must be flexible. He must be scholar among scholars and rake among rakes. In the authors he has to gruntle he must draw no line of race, color, age, or previous condition of pulchritude. Connoisseur of honest writing, he must not himself be tainted by any hankering to write. That is fatal. Connoisseur of strong drinking, he must not himself drink too deep; for it is he who is expected to get the Authors home safe. After the last visiting novelist has been safely taxied to his (or her) hotel, see the Grub Street Runner, dubiously reconsidering the items of his expense account, frugally walking back toward Gramercy Park or Washington Mews. He has heard the chimes ring three on the Metropolitan Tower more often than you'd think. Or the last Long Island train: he can tell you, by rote, what time the ultimate vehicle leaves on any of those branches—the Port Washington, the Oyster Bay, the Freeport, the Garden City.

* * *

Competition, I suppose, has had something to do with the increased pressure of his life. There are more publishers than ever before; and a greater appetite among authors to be amused. A Grub Street Runner told me, shining with joy, of a great triumph: he had succeeded in adding to the list of his firm's clients an author who looked like a smiling success and yet neither caroused nor danced. This was a great relief to him. In a life where at almost any moment he must be prepared to throw a party for any of the town's reigning bluestockings, to drink, dance, play guessing games, and discuss royalties and advertising appropriation in between times, the thought of a new writer who looked like a mid-Victorian gentlewoman filled him with rare joy. For the first time he thought seriously of marrying an Author. Among the Grub Street Runners it is rare.

Tact, of course, is his radiant virtue. He must match his wits against all sorts of extremists—explorers, dramatists, people who have a Great Idea (such as writing a Textbook on How to Write Textbooks on Writing Short Stories), Poets who Don't Believe in Punctuation, columnists, psychoanalysts, and ladies who decide, on insufficient provocation, to exert their personal charm. He is confidant of all sorts of outrageous humors, is the buffer among conflicting jealousies, and must know a good laboratory where gin can be analyzed.

All this, I hear you muttering, is a vulgar and picayune attitude. No, I don't think so. I love the Grub Street Runner, I know him in many incarnations. Associate constantly with madmen, he cannot himself afford to be mad. At his finest he is a sort of young Santayana: disenchanted in little that he may still be enchanted in much. More than most men, more than almost any of the reputed scholars and high critics, he sees life transforming its unruly, disorderly, comic, and dangerous flux into the divinely witty patterns of art. He is a student of temperament. Alert, humane, generous, unshockable, he circulates constantly in that strangest of worlds, the world of artistic travail. It is he who is the writer's consoler while the damned thing is being written; to him come the letters of despair and the telegrams asking for advance royalty. It is he who knows, if anyone does, how frail and perilous are the threads on which good work depends. He has a sense of pity. Perhaps that is why he looks older than he is.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"Transatlantic travellers are apt to regard the newspapers produced on board the big ships as among the wonders of the age," says *John O'London's Weekly*. "The practice of printing at sea, however, dates as far back as the times of Queen Elizabeth, when, it is said, an English Admiral had printed in his flagship a maritime dictionary defining terms used at sea. The first authenticated book printed at sea was one 'Bloody Journal kept by William Davidson on board a Russian Pirate in the year 1789. Mediterranean: Printed on board H. M. Ship *Caledonia*. 1812.' In this book Sir Walter Scott was tremendously interested, thinking it would provide him with a suitable subject for an epic poem. When he received a copy, however, he found it somewhat too sordid for his purposes. Again, Sir John Franklin's expedition to the Arctic of 1850 carried a press supplied by the Admiralty. When the stock of paper was exhausted the gay explorers printed songs and so forth on leather and fabric. After all, Atlantic liners have swimming baths and gymnasiums, and it is not at all wonderful that they should find space for a composing-room of about ten feet square."

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Books of Special Interest

Modern History

THIRTY YEARS OF MODERN HISTORY. By WILLIAM KAY WALLACE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

ISSUES OF EUROPEAN STATESMANSHIP. By B. G. DE MONTGOMERY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by MALCOLM W. DAVIS

THE picturesque old three-decker ship of state has been replaced by a triple-screw steam turbine ocean liner. Statecraft —which formerly had to do primarily with political currents or the winds of religious doctrine—now pays less attention to these forces and steers a straight course ordinarily by an economic map of the world.

The international struggle is the old one —the struggle for power. But power tends to rest less and less with church or party, and more and more to pass to industry and commerce. Machinery has wrought the change. And as the pressure of need for raw materials and markets makes itself increasingly felt, a new type of statesman comes to the front. The old-fashioned diplomatist steps into a frame on the same line with the courtiers of former days. In his place appears a sort of composite engineer-financier, the maker of the modern state. Mussolini has perceived the tendency. It is part of the explanation both of his remarkable effectiveness in Italy and his appeal to many minds in America, where the modern industrial diplomacy has naturally been accepted most quickly and fully.

Reviewing the events of the past thirty years, Professor Wallace treats industrialism as a new force in national and international life, forming our present-day environment and conditioning our action in it. Parallel with its development he observes the breakdown and discrediting of the old rationalist theory of politics and statesmanship and the growth and triumph of a "volitionalist" theory, substituting for the rule of reason the desire of dominion. Imperialism, the twentieth century form of the wish for power, is analyzed as a blend of the older nationalism with a new will, made efficacious by modern industrial exploitation of natural resources. War is recognized as a manifestation of power—the state in action. The state itself undergoes a series of internal transformations. Social interests supersede individual interests. New types of organization appear—factory councils, for example—to supplant many former state functions such as the protection of the legal position of workers. A conflict for industrial rights takes the place of the conflict for political rights. Everywhere there is a search for a new base of power. It leads to revolutions and attempts for a better economic organization of the state—Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain. The end foreseen is the wreck and scrapping of the national-political state and the substitution of an international-economic order.

Whether Professor Wallace attributes sufficient vitality to the spirit of nationalism, as a preservative of some of the older and more familiar forms of state life and action, is open to debate. Since the World War, we have had considerable evidence not only that the sense of nationality is keen and strong, but that it may be increasingly so. But this does not invalidate the main theme of his volume, which presents a suggestive analysis of the processes by which the nations of the world have taken on the character they now have.

Mr. De Montgomery concerns himself more in detail with another aspect of the problem of industrial power and the modern state—the internal organization of national life. He advances a well-reasoned statement of the function of the state as the promotion of the moral and material welfare of the nation both for present and future generations. And his argument as to the proper restrictions on state interference in industry and production is pointed. So are his contentions regarding the essentials of state sovereignty and the necessity of making the Covenant of an inter-state organization, such as the League of Nations, conform to the principle of the sovereignty of its members. But in international questions he displays an obsession with several characteristic British fears, which turn the latter portion of the book into propaganda and weaken its value. Russian threats to British interests in Asia, dating from the alleged—but much questioned—Testament of Peter the Great, Bolshevism, anti-English nationalism on the continent of Europe, especially in France and Germany, the rebellion of the Orient against the Occident, the materialist reaction against Christianity—these are the main anxieties that disturb his mind. These chapters were written before Germany entered the League of Nations, or some of the statements in them might have been modified. If they had been the conclusion of the book would have been more in keeping with the introductory chapters and would have justified them better.

Both volumes express the modern tendency, the study of national and international affairs in terms of economic interest and industrial power. History is taking the pace set by the machine.

Romantic London

LOST LONDON: Being a description of Landmarks which have disappeared pictured by J. Crowther circa 1879-87 and described by E. Beresford Chancellor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1926. $15.

Reviewed by HOWARD SWIGGETT

THIS is essentially a book, and not a portfolio of drawings, although it is written around the drawings of the comparatively little known painter, J. Crowther. Of their authentic touch, their accurate detail, their sense of values, the author speaks, and is competent so to do. But they speak for themselves in their illumination of the text.

It is difficult to believe that anything less than a lifetime's research went to the making of this book, as it sweeps in and out of the centuries like a mist from the river. The information is tremendous, and if at times, to the average reader, a little tedious, it has the shy charm of insistent scholarship, as where in a paragraph, closing a long exploration of which side of the street a seventeenth century house was on, we read that "the point is not perhaps, of great moment." Possibly not, but the scholar, seeking truth, insists upon it. Again we are told that "William Stow, who published his Remarks on London in 1722 and is not, of course, to be confounded with his great topographical forerunner, John Stow." Of course not. There is a fine indifference to the relative greatness of these people who lived in Lost London. A street is not memorable, a house is not lovely, because some soldier or statesman lived there. London is lovely and memorable and the characters take their distinction from being Londoners, whatever else they were. Lord Crofts, Sir Robert Taylor, and John Milton all lived in Spring Gardens, and the third name is no more important there than the others.

⁂

The author follows the Crowther drawings from Chelsea up to Booksellers' Row in the "Straits of the Strand" in his pleasant, precise recitation, and there goaded beyond endurance by the lost wonder, he delivers a bitter, contemptuous opinion of new buildings, "scraping the very stars, one's first thought (of which) is not who designed it . . . but amazement at what it cost."

He does not mention the Bush building, Bush House, I think, is the misnomer its founder gave it, by name but it is obviously what he is thinking of. That American effrontery, though it does not scrape the stars, is surely the main thing that has lessened the value of London, its value, "as an influence and an inspiration."

In Southwark, of course, we are at the sites of the great inns including the one which John Harvard himself inherited from his Mother, and the prisons of Micawber and Little Dorrit. Some will perhaps regret that Crowther crossed the river to draw and that he went on to Lambeth, rather than back toward the City of London. Through Lambeth, however, he came to Battersea and Whistler's Bridge across the "liquid history."

⁂

It is not only because of her great age that so many books are written about London. Possibly her climate has driven sensitive, intelligent men to fireside meditation about her. The painstaking scholarship of this book, and its beauty, however, are distinctly in the English tradition. In New York in writing of the City's past, we are prone to say almost proudly that we are "not writing a history," and then produce incompetent and casual recollections. But the lore of London, like the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, is treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

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Points of View

Meat or Poison

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

My literary personality is a disturbing poison to some critics. To others it is a stimulating meat. Meredith Nicholson likes it, M. R. Werner who reviewed my Autobiography, "The Great American Ass," hates it. It is the old axiom; one man's meat is another man's poison. Werner belongs to a class which I called the Harvard Culture followers, whose leaders include F. P. A. This is a dying culture being sucked dry by "civilization," as Spengler calls a culture that has hardened into citification. I abandoned that culture and tried to be a leader of civilization.

It takes a mind of real historical sweep to know what I am talking about. Members of the "culture" do not. You might have my book reviewed by some critic who understands Spengler and his "civilization." To that camp it is meat and not poison.

Members of the culture (that we grew up in) were unable to make the transit into the civilization that ensued. They were unable to be fully born into these times, and are half-born souls. I got fully born "free of the egg," with such howling and agonizing as accompanies birth—but the point is I got wholly born. I am a Roman now, a citizen of this world-city. But the other souls have remained Greeks. And how they hate the Romans.

Greek that he is, Mr. (Professor) Werner could not review my Roman book; no one belonging to his class could. None of his class could appreciate Spengler's "Decline of the West;" there has been no *adequate* review of that great book in the *Saturday Review* although your readers have asked for it. I looked forward with great expectations; shall I conclude that your reviewers don't get Spengler, that his philosophy is beyond them?

My own book—why hand it to one howling Greek after another? It is poison to them. Hand it to some hard-shelled Roman, he will stomach it with great gusto.

This is the Caesar age; the Greek has played out. I regret it, you regret it, Spengler regrets it, for we were all born Greeks, and must harden into Romans or lose touch with our times. It is a mean fate, but we can't change it. Any man worth his salt will go forward bravely adapting his hide to this harsh realism and Caesarism.

The Roman had been a Greek in his childhood, but when he became a man he put away childish things. Art and poetry had had its day; the Roman built roads, sewers. The Roman had a mild contempt for the Greek in his Roman civilization.

In our New York civilization the day of "literature" has gone by; we of the great literary tradition see ourselves stranded. We are Greeks in Rome.

Being poets in a mechanical age, we are frustrates; we are the fools of our times, always symbolized in fable by a certain beast: we are jackasses hunting hay in a world run by gasolene.

C. L. EDSON.

Mount Pleasant, S. C.

Mr. Graves Comments

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

It seems a pity that I should quarrel with the Phœnician after all these years, particularly about Miss Harriet Monroe and Chicago social politics. I admit I was no gentleman to write as I did, but poetry is not a gentlemanly trade. Still, if he had read my review carefully he would have seen that I did not give Miss Monroe the credit of being a mere social dilletante, I charged her on her own admission with being a missionary worker for poetic culture and with maliciously promoting a large scale poetry movement. I have myself been a contributor to *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*—in fact since writing the review my literary agent informs me that I am still contributing—but had not regarded the association as anything but a purely business one until I read Miss Monroe's volume and realized too late that every contributor becomes, to her mind, a member of her immediate bodyguard and sworn to a cause. I at once took the opportunity of dissociating myself from all this and because I could not review the book critically, as it was not critical but personal, I had to write personally.

It is possible that many poems that have appeared in *Poetry* may "endure for some time" but this is an accident. I mean that the reasons why poets send their work to poetry magazines are mixed. It may be for a joke for petty cash, to break the monotony of life, or from a literary habit contracted in youth. And anyway it is against the possible endurance of so many poems to which Miss Monroe has added exclamation marks that I am protesting. This includes many of my own, those for instance, for which I am "naively revered" in England and America and which distract attention from volumes of mine like "Welchman's Hose" which cannot conceivably be construed as part of any poetry revival, national or international, or of any transition or anything else.

ROBERT GRAVES.

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In her article "Our Most Helpless Readers" in your November 6th issue, Mrs. Davis writes that it is difficult for older people to know what books to buy for children. It is. While there are many excellent children's books published, there are still a great number very mediocre, and some actually harmful. There is, however, someone specially trained and always delighted to help you with this problem. She has daily contact with the children, knows their likes, and dislikes, and it is her job to keep posted on the new books that come out.

We want the best books in our children's own libraries. It is perfectly possible to find books that have good literary quality, a high moral tone, and are still intensely interesting to boys and girls. Mrs. Davis writes that it has been found impossible to interest children in Graham's "Wind in the Willows" and De la Mare's "Peacock Pie." It is true these are for the more imaginative or literary minded child, but in every Children's room, the librarian finds just these children. Children as well as grown-ups have their special tastes. It would be a shame to deprive the children with finer tastes of these books that they love.

Why not go to your children's librarian. If there is not one in your town, write in to your County or State Librarian. Tell her of your child's particular tastes, and let her suggest the book that would best please your particular child, and at the same time be worthy of a place in his library.

Yours truly,
MARY C. OLIPHANT
Wayne County, Mich.,
Children's Librarian.

An Invitation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The fine art of public debating between outstanding intellectual personalities on interesting and momentous problems seems to have suffered an eclipse in our time. With the journals teeming with news of pugilistic encounters, theatrical affrays, and motion picture melées, we feel it is time to stage a renaissance of the spirit of controversy in our public auditorium.

The League for Public Discussion, therefore, invites your readers to send in suggestions as to what subjects they would like to hear debated, and also the names of persons they think best qualified to argue these questions.

As the initial debate in its plan to revive the interest of the public, the League for Public Discussion arranged a debate between Dr. Will Durant, author of "The Story of Philosophy," and Clarence Darrow, famous lawyer. The subject for the debate was "Is Man a Machine?" Mr. Darrow, argued it in the affirmative. The chairman of the debate was Dr. John B. Watson, author of "Behaviorism." The place of the debate was Carnegie Hall and the date, Saturday, January 8, at 8:30 p. m.

IRVIN SHAPIRO,
Vice-Director,
League for Public Discussion.

SOME IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT THE PRICE OF BOOKS

This is an answer to a comment sometimes made about the Book-of-the-Month Club. "If I could buy books cheaper from you," some people write, "I would subscribe." What force is there in this objection?

OVER 40,000 people, in every walk of life, have already become subscribers to the Book-of-the-Month Club. This interesting enterprise has engaged a group of five well-known critics to choose each month "the outstanding book of the month." This book is then sent to subscribers *just like a magazine*. They pay the same price for it (no more) that the publisher himself charges.

If the book proves to be one that a subscriber would not have purchased of his own volition, *he may exchange it for any one of a number of other new books*, simultaneously recommended. Thus his freedom of choice among the new books is no more limited than if he browsed in a bookstore. The members of the Selecting Committee, which chooses the books, are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White.

Why Most People Subscribe

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"But this need not prevent you," someone will argue, "from offering books at a lower price, like the German societies." Those who make this argument do not understand the radical difference between the Book-of-the-Month Club and the German societies. *The German societies are publishers. Each one publishes its own books, and subscribers must take each book these publishers get out, whether they like it or not. There is no privilege of exchange.*

If the Book-of-the-Month Club made contracts with authors, if it published its own books, *and if it did not give the privilege of exchange*, it might be able to give its subscribers some books at a lower price. But that is not its function: *its function is to choose for its subscribers the outstanding books among all the books that are published*, whoever the author and whoever the publishers, so that its subscribers will not miss those books!

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It is true that perhaps, by "shopping" among publishers (something completely foreign to the whole idea), we might occasionally be able to induce publishers to relinquish *some books* that might be sold at a lower price. But the *only* books they could let us have would be "second-rate books." The books by their important authors—*the books that intelligent people do not care to miss*—they will never let us have at a bargain price. Why not? *Because they themselves cannot afford to.* It is a rarity for a good book to sell below $2.00 a copy, simply because it is impossible for the publisher to sell any good book for a smaller sum and yet keep his business alive. The cost of manufacture and the rate of author's royalty forbid it.

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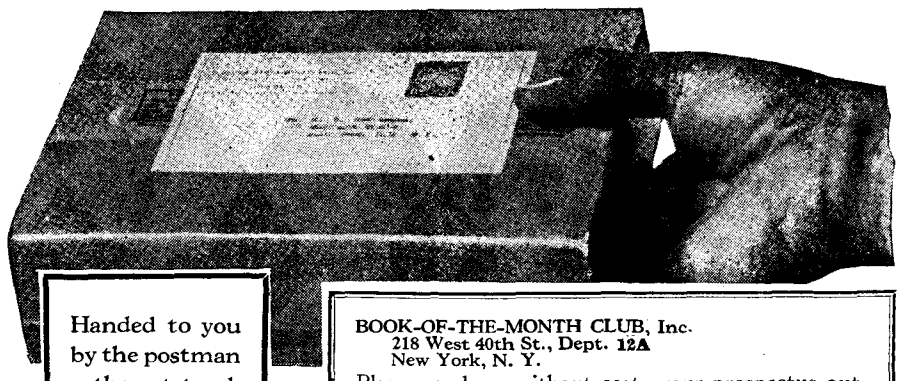

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An English Letter

By Lady Adams

ONE evening in 1903, my professor-husband and I gave a dinner-party in our little house in Hampstead; our neighbor and friend, Dr. Richard Garnett, who had recently retired from the post of Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum was a guest, and sat on my right. My left-hand neighbor, a professor at the Sorbonne, who had come to London to attend a conference, was interested in Browning, and while he and I were talking of him, I noticed that Dr. Garnett looked at me in a surprised, almost a startled way. He made no comment on our talk, but told some interesting tales of Browning, as a boy, walking in the woods, near Dulwich, before dawn.

Next morning, before nine o'clock, Dr. Garnett called. He was most apologetic at taking me from my "household duties," as he called them—I was only reading the *Times*—but he explained that the occasion warranted instant action. He would not sit down—he walked about the room as we spoke—he looked as if he had slept badly.

"I had to come to see you at the earliest opportunity," he said, "and I knew Professor Adams and you breakfasted early."

I asked how I could help him.

"Last night you made a statement in your talk about Browning. I want you, if you will be good enough, to give me your authority for it."

My heart sank. I make so many statements.

"You said, you remember, first in French, and then in English, that Browning had written a French grammar. What was your authority?"

I looked at him. He was unlike himself; his face was twitching, his quiet dignity was gone. He bent over me.

"It was *Robert* Browning you meant?"

I nodded.

"Oh, yes, if I said it in French, then it would be Robert Browning. But—did I say it?"

He looked at me gravely.

"You said it, and I asked your authority."

And then it dawned on me quite quickly, that I did not know where I had read it, nor when; that somebody might have told me—that, as a matter of fact, I had no authority, and that there was that Great Bookman, hatless, in our dining-room, at the uncanonical hour of nine in the morning—Dr. Garnett, who retired to his own study as the clock struck eight-thirty, every day of his life, and to whom the morning hours were sacred—and that I had no grounds to prove what he evidently considered a surprising statement. He asked me what I had been reading lately about Browning; said that till late the night before he had searched in the Browning Lives—early that morning he had continued his work; he was sure Mrs. Sutherland Orr had not mentioned it, nor Mr. Edmund Gosse; he had not had time to go through Chesterton's Life—was it there?

By this time I had recovered myself. I knew it was not in G. K. Chesterton's "Life of Browning." I would have remembered what comments Chesterton would have made on a French grammar, written in Browning's elusive style. But I could not remember where I had read it; still, I was able to assure the dear Bookman that I had, with my own two eyes, seen the statement, in good, English print. I went to his house, and returned, rather chastened, with as many books on Browning as we could carry, and my search began.

And in an hour I had found it—no gossipy story at all; he wrote of it himself—to Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, with a certain complacency, and pride—wrote, of "An Elementary French book, on a new plan"—and through the rain I skipped, hatless, but remembering to wrap up the precious volume in my waterproof, and, O! morning of mornings, I was allowed unheralded to run down the stairs to his study, that opened on the back garden, and show him my justification at once.

R. B. to E. B. B.

(Post-mark, September 17, 1845)

One final word on the other matters—the "worldly matters"—I shall own I alluded to them rather ostentatiously because—because *that would be* the *one* poor sacrifice I could make you—one I would cheerfully make, but a sacrifice, and the only one: this careless "sweet habitude of living"—this absolute independence of mine, which, if I had it not, my heart would starve and die for, I feel, and which I have fought so many good battles to preserve—for that has happened, too—this light rational life I lead, and know so well that I lead; this I could give up for nothing less than—what you know—but I *would* give it up, not for you merely, but for those whose disappointment might react on you—and I should break no promise to myself—the money getting would not be for the sake of *it;* "the labor not for that which is nought"—indeed the necessity of doing this, if at all, *now,* was one of the reasons which made me go on to that *last request of all*—at once; one must not be too old, they say, to begin their ways. But, in spite of all the babble, I feel sure that whenever I make up my mind to that, I can be rich enough and to spare—because along with what you have thought *genius* in me, is certainly talent, what the world recognizes as such; and I have tried it in various ways, just to be sure that I *was* a little magnanimous in never intending to use it. Thus, in more than one of the reviews and newspapers that laughed my "Paracelsus" to scorn ten years ago—in the same column, often, of these reviews, would follow a most laudatory notice of an Elementary French book, on a new plan, which I "did" for my old French Master, and he published—"*that* was really an useful work"!—So that when the only obstacle is only that there is so much *per annum* to be producible, you will tell me. After all it would be unfair in me not to confess that this was always intended to be *my* own single stipulation—"an objection" which I could see, certainly—but meant to treat myself to the little luxury of removing.

From

"The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett." 1845-1846. Pages 207-208; Vol. I.

I thought that that would be the end of it, that he would chide me in his gentle way for saying "Grammar" where Browning said "book," that he would again apologize for disturbing me in the morning; in fact I thought that the incident was closed. His excitement grew; he asked me to mention the fact to nobody—he demanded my permission, however, to tell Professor Hall Griffin, who was, at the time writing his "Life of Robert Browning." Later, he told me how interested Professor Hall Griffin had been, and how he was trying to run it down, unsuccessfully. And I know that Dr. Garnett searched in the B. M., in the most careful and knowledgable way. Then, Mr. Hall Griffin died, and I never heard if Mr. H. C. Minchin, who completed the "Life" went on with the search. There is no mention of the "French book" in the "Life." And then our friend died, and when I wrote a little "Memory" of him in the Garnett number of the *Bookman,* I felt that my lips were unsealed, and that the literary trifle that had escaped his keen eyes, might be mentioned at last.

Several people wrote me on the subject, but I had nothing to say, except that for some reason the fact had never been commented on by any of his biographers. Nor, for that matter, by Miss Barrett; she never alludes to the French book, in any of her letters. Yet the fact that her Robert had written a book—hack work, if you like, but still a book that made him feel that he had a bread-and-butter-for-two kind of talent ought to have impressed her to the extent of mentioning it in a P. S., one might think. But no; that incident was closed, almost as soon as it began. He never referred to it again. I wonder if her indifference to his "talent" hurt him. Quite probably it did.

The late Mrs. Hugh Walker, wife of Professor Hugh Walker author of "The Greater Victorian Poets," took up the search. She spent much of one summer in the British Museum, leaving no book unturned in her efforts to get that Elementary French book into her hands. But no French Grammar—or Elementary French book—published in 1835 bore the name of Robert Browning on the title page, and no book was published then by any French Master that tallied with the instructors of the young Robert. Other searchers have told me that they found no trace of laudatory or any other kind of reviews in the papers and magazines that praised or condemned "Paracelsus."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE COLOR-PRINTS OF HIROSHIGE. By EDWARD F. STRANGE. With 52 plates, 16 in color. Stokes. 1926.

This large and handsomely illustrated book on Hiroshige marks a considerable advance on its predecessors. It presents besides the familiar landscape prints, the fan designs, the presentation cards, original sketches, and a very full, if far from complete list. It also settles certain disputed points. From now on the second and third Hiroshige are documented characters, though we are only at the beginning of their list. Mr. Strange's book is indispensable to the collector. It also offers much that is attractive to every person of taste. The criticism has not much color, but is just and sympathetic. The unusual degree of landscape realism in Hiroshige—a trait which early commended him to European amateurs—is regarded as almost entirely of Hiroshige development, apart from European influence. Similarly the influence of Hiroshige on Whistler and the French Impressionists is minimized. Your reviewer finds these views confusing. Surely the strong resemblance between Hiroshige's color patterns and those of the finest French *vues d'optique* is not wholly coincidence, and the French transparencies are older. A chief drawback to the collecting of Hiroshige prints is the poor paper and printing. Clearly he worked for a lower public than that of Hokusai and Kunisada. The writer has seen one of the finest Hiroshiges, The Eagle, pasted on the outside of a teabox. We have, then, as Mr. Strange duly points out, a great artist dedicated wholly to popular imagery, almost a unique phenomenon in the history of art.

A COLLECTION IN THE MAKING. By *Duncan* PHILLIPS Washington, D. C.: Phillips Memorial Gallery.

EARLY AMERICAN WALL PAINTINGS, 1710-1850. By *Edward B. Allen*. Yale University Press. $7.50.

Belles Lettres

DREADS AND DROLLS. By *Arthur Machen*. Knopf.

A SHEPHERD. By *Heywood Broun*. Rudge.

THE HAPPINESS OF OUR GARDEN. By *Mrs. William Lowell Putnam*. Rudge.

CHAUCER AND THE MEDIÆVAL SCIENCES. By *Walter Clyde Curry*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

LUIGI PIRANDELLO. By *Walter Starkie*. Dutton. $3.

SELECTIONS FROM POE'S LITERARY CRITICISM. Edited by *John Brooks Moore*. Crofts.

Biography

MY LIFE AND TIMES. By JEROME K. JEROME. Harpers. 1926. $4.

Mr. Jerome begins with a story about a group of men who used to dine together in his Bohemian days. Two of them, Mr. Blind and Mr. X, bought a perambulator together in expectation of two babies, but Mrs. X produced twins and refused to let either of them be a footstool on the floor of any perambulator, while Mr. Blind refused to sell his half of the perambulator unless at the price of a whole perambulator. They were still disputing when the gas went out at twelve o'clock, and the company adjourned to the rooms of Philip Bourke Marston, on the Euston Road, who was blind and wrote poetry. There Jerome announced that he was going to write a truthful and unreserved autobiography and call it "The Confession of a Fool." All agreed it was an admirable title, but doubted if he could write a book of the requisite ruthless veracity. Apropos of this, he once asked Mark Twain about the absolutely honest reminiscences which he was rumored to be writing. Mark replied "Quite true, I am going to speak of everybody I have met exactly as I have found them," and added" that he might, before he left London, be asking me for a loan and hoped, if he did, that I would not turn out to be a mean-spirited skinflint."

Mr. Jerome's memories are full of good stories, but his life was not all cake and ale. He was born in 1859. His early experiences were varied, but somewhat hard. Chapter II. is "I Become a Poor Scholar," Chapter III. "Record of a Discontented Youth." Of several years the chief thing he remembers is loneliness. He became an actor, then a journalist, then a school master, and at length drifted into a solicitor's office. For years he wrote stories, plays, essays, and for years nothing came of it. His first book was published in 1885. "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" and "Stage Land" were written for periodicals. Both sold well, and his liteary career got under weigh. It was the career largely of a dramatist, editor, and lecturer. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is the play that is most remembered now. The last Chapter is the "Looking Forward" of a man of sixty-seven, his attitude of mind toward religion and the personal prospect.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK. By *Temple Bodley*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

GOTTFRIED KINKEL AS POLITICAL AND SOCIAL THINKER. By *Alfred R. De Jonge*. Columbia University Press. $1.75.

STORIES OF AUTHORS. By *Edwin Watts Chubb*. Macmillan. $2.50.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. By Himself. Translated by Mary Howitt. American-Scandinavian Foundation.

ERNEST DEWITT BURTON. By *Thomas Wakefield Goodspeed*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS HOLCROFT. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

NELSON THE MAN. By *A. Corbett-Smith*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

ONCE A CLOWN, ALWAYS A CLOWN. By *De Wolf Hopper*. Little, Brown. $3 net.

Education

NEW SCHOOLS IN THE OLD WORLD. By CARLETON WASHBURNE. Day. 1926. $1.75.

This very informative little book is a first-hand informal study of the remarkable group of European schools which under the influence of men like Saunderson, Ferrier, Decroly have introduced beside the crystallized methods of older systems experiments some of which have had remarkable success, Streatham, Hill, Marlborough, O'Neill, and Bedales in England, Uccles in Belgium, Cousinet's work at Arcis-sur-Aube, Glarisegg in Switzerland, the public experimental schools at Hamburg, and institutions in Czecho-Slovakia are the subjects of the successive chapters. The book is critical, comparative, and explanatory, and though intended only as a descriptive essay is of real value not only to American parents who wish to place their children abroad, but to the increasing number who feel that something is wrong with the standard education of children and wish to know what is being done about it. It is clearly and simply written.

Fiction

THE MAN WHO CANNOT DIE. By THAMES WILLIAMSON. Small, Maynard. 1926. $2.50.

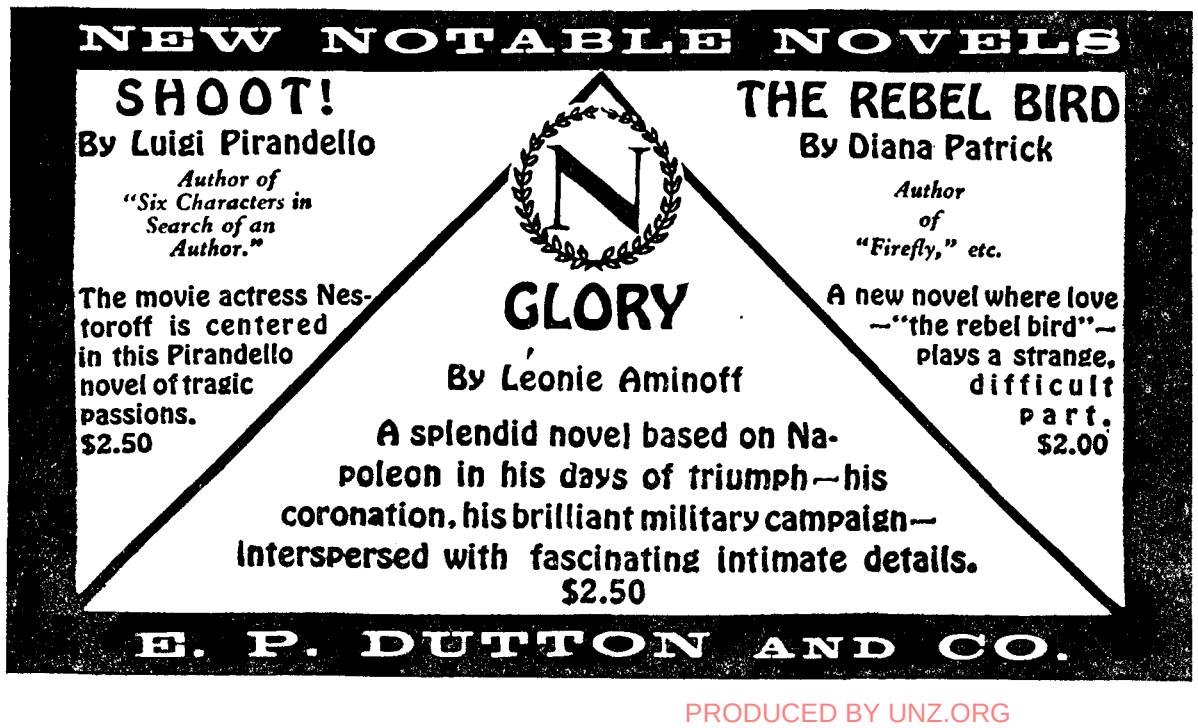
Mr. Williamson, whose "Run Sheep, Run," a tale of shepherding in the mountains of central California, deserved and received high praise, has here turned to a theme that is a world away from that idyll of the Sierras. The boldness of its conception is arresting. Not many writers would dare try to project against the American scene, from Revolutionary days till our own, an American equivalent of the Wandering Jew. That is just what Mr. Williamson essays, and it is hardly remarkable to find that he has fallen short of success.

Such a story, to approach success, must create at the very outset a satisfying illusion. It may be as artificial as the illusion in "Dorian Grey," or as *outré* as the 333 illusions in "The Wild Ass's Skin," but it must be a reasonably complete and convincing world. Mr. Williamson's rather hurried narrative fails to convince us of anything. We are not persuaded of the actuality of his hero, Pentland, who at thirty-eight finds himself suddenly rendered immortal by a Philadelphia scientist; are not persuaded that this death-proof hero moves in a real world. Indeed, one of the most disappointing aspects of the book is the thinness and fatness of the intermittent glimpses of the vast panorama of social change between 1780 and 1920. The mystical and philosophical passages carry with them a sense of strained effort, and the emotional scenes are once or twice bathetic. The reader brings away from the book a sense of a grandiose design, of some highly effective bits of writing, and of some interesting gropings into metaphysics, but of general failure. Mr. Williamson's strength, for the present at least, is greatest when he keep his feet solidly upon the ground.

HALF A SOVEREIGN: An Improbable Romance. By IAN HAY. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

Did Major Ian Hay Beith have a guilty conscience when he described "Half a Sovereign" as an improbable romance? The novel certainly is improbable, much in the same way as Chesterton's "The Man Who Was Thursday" is improbable. We surely do not need to add, however, that there the similarity ceases. After the first part of "Half a Sovereign" has been a pleasantly farcical narrative of a Mediterranean cruise on a private yacht, it becomes a tale, still a little farcical, of reincarnation and spiritism. Thereupon, for us, the novel lost its clear charm and felt its way, slow and fumbling, through a hopeless fog. Other readers may perhaps find themselves in sympathy with both divisions of the tale. Of one thing, nevertheless, there is no doubt: the novel breaks in two, there being little discernible reason why the two halves should have been published as one continuous whole. Major Beith is too accomplished a novelist in the lighter moods for us to forgive a lapse into such crudity. Is it possible that his plot languished to the

(*Continued on next page*)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The AMEN CORNER

THE HOLIDAY season brings its trials, but yields compensations. A friend who signs himself Thersites, but who is more genial than his Shakespearean original, writes us this tragical-comical, but not unwelcome, epistle.

"Neither the drab mediocrity of December weather, nor the dyspeptic depression that follows our saturnalia, can render inarticulate my delight in the new *Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse*.(1) A crotchety and perverse old man, I do not share the present general admiration for that thoroughly uncomfortable and frequently vicious century; I prefer a less barbaric Victorianism. But bad sanitation and doubtful morals sometimes lead to good poetry, and your D. Nichol Smith, a peerless anthologist, has made the best of it. My gratitude is grudging, but sincere."

-SUP-

IT HAS been stated upon good authority that in the study of every dignified Oxford "don" and every illustrious American scholar there is a hidden book shelf full of well-thumbed detective stories. (Humanists regard this as a hopeful omen for the future of education!) Be that as it may, it is not often that the august scholars who preside over the Oxford University Press place their hall-mark of approval upon that most moving of all fictional forms—the classic thriller. *Crime and Detection*(2) is a small pocket volume with a tastefully striking jacket that promises excitement within. Elderly ladies, and austere heads of families, who may not wish to flaunt their sin in public, may remove this brilliant outer husk, and, hiding behind the sedate olive green binding, revel in the inventions of Conan Doyle or G. K. Chesterton, while seeming to be engaged in a sedate study of the essays of Carlyle!

-SUP-

THE OXONIAN, who boasts a select acquaintance among sprightly seniors at Vassar, has received the following comment on *English Women in Life and Letters*,(3) couched in a style which speaks well for Boston and Poughkeepsie.

"I have been perusing the unfortunate lot of ladies in England before the nineteenth century with a great deal of amusement. Did you notice Defoe's idea for the women's college? He would have it constructed so that the entrance for gentlemen, who would divert the young ladies from more serious pursuits, would be very difficult. I was glad to know that the eighteenth century ladies had the same weakness as we of the twentieth! The illustrations are priceless, and prove at last that some one in England has a sense of humor."

-SUP-

UNLIKE the daily columnist, we do not need to seek for asterisks to fill our final ems...On the contrary we must, like a breathless messenger, gasp out all our news in fragments...(Each trio of periods shall represent a fresh sally of thought)...We cannot, like Grant before Richmond, sit on this line all summer ...An Englishman named Knowles, by the way, has written an interesting book on the Civil War.(4) Lee and Jackson are his heroes and the book is more exciting than most novels...English writers show renewed interest in our Civil War; the Oxford Press is about to publish an original study of *The Military Genius of Lincoln*(5) by Brigadier-General Ballard. Its conclusions are daring, and may excite controversy...Lincoln, says General Ballard, was, all considered, the great strategist of the Civil War.

But Oxford tastes are not wholly bellicose. To counteract these military studies, the Press has prepared a circular of Books on Religion, which has more than a theological interest. Write the Oxonian for it at 35 W. 32nd Street...Fowler's *Modern English Usage*(6) continues to sweep the market; it has now conquered the critical minds of college teachers of composition. Yale, Princeton, Chicago, Northwestern and others will use it...Later, we hear, the book will appear in leather—an admirable gift!...Our colleagues are just returned from Boston, where the Modern Language Association has held its annual frolicsome assembly, so we have heard much talk of linguistic potentates there gathered...May the erudition of each have a balancing sense of humor!

Just as every little Liberal has his little Con-ser-va-tive!

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) Blue cloth, gilt, $3.75; or on Oxford India paper, $4.25.
(2) Olive cloth, gilt. (World's Classics Series). 80c.
(3) Blue cloth, gilt. $4.00.
(4) Red cloth. $3.00.
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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

point of death midway through its course, and that he thought to resuscitate it by turning to preposterous novelty?

THE RIVER FLOWS. By *F. L. Lucas*. Macmillan. $2.

A WOMAN IN EXILE. By *Horace Annesley Vachell*. Stokes. $2.

GLORY. By *Leonie Aminoff*. Dutton. $2.50.

UNDER THE TONTO RIM. By *Zane Grey*. Harpers. $2.

THE ANCIENT HUNGER. By *Edwin Granberry*. Macaulay. $2.

THE KEY ABOVE THE DOOR. By *Maurice Walsh*. Stokes. $2.

TWILIGHT. By *Count Edouard von Keyserling*. Macaulay. $2.50.

PRINCESS CHARMING. By *Wilbur Fawley*. Macaulay. $2 net.

THE BUTCHER SHOP. By *Jean Devanny*. Macaulay. $2.

From the beginning

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Miscellaneous

COLONIAL FURNITURE IN AMERICA. By LUKE VINCENT LOCKWOOD. Third Edition. Scribners. 1926. $30.

This important work, first issued in 1901, revised in 1913, and now reissued with 134 plates of new subjects, contains "over a thousand illustrations of representative pieces" and is, in effect, an illustrated catalogue of important colonial furniture in America. The text is careful and detailed, but the great value of these two volumes is to be found in the opportunity for comparison and contrast which the many objects of each kind and period listed afford to the interested student, collector, or fortunate owner of an old and unidentified piece. Mr. Lockwood divides his work by subjects, discussing chests, chests of drawers, cupboards and sideboards, desks and scrutoires, looking glasses, chairs, settees, couches and sofas, tables, bedsteads, clocks, each chronologically discussed and illustrated. Supplementary chapters at the end of each volume have been added to describe the new and important pieces that have come to the knowledge of the author since the second edition of 1913. So complete and so satisfactory in its illustrations are these two volumes that one wishes for a third in which such objects of art workmanship as colonial silver, watches, jewelry, glass, and wrought iron might have been depicted and analyzed so that this work could become the encyclopedia which in its field it already is.

HORSE SENSE AND SENSIBILITY. By *Crascredo*. Scribners. $5.

CANADIAN HOUSES OF ROMANCE. By *Katherine Hale*. Illustrated by Dorothy Stevens. Macmillan.

THE METHODIST YEAR BOOK, 1927. Edited by *Oliver S. Baketel*. Methodist Book Concern. 50 cents.

MUSIC FOR CHILDREN. By *Doris Simmonson*. Child Study Association of America.

ISRAEL'S TREASURES. By *Benjamin Vend*. New York: Hebrew Publishing Co.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF BOOKBINDING AS AN ART. By *Meiric K. Dutton*. Norwood: Holliston Mills.

MOTION PICTURES FOR INSTRUCTION. By *A. P. Hollis*. Century.

SELLING THE SALARY INSURANCE PLAN. By *Richard L. Place*. Crofts. $2.

Philosophy

HUMAN EXPERIENCE. (A Study of Its Structure.) By VISCOUNT HALDINE. Dutton. 1926. $2.

It might be well if there were some autocratic Mussolini of letters to establish a rigid censorship of philosophical terms. Let the philosophers be forbidden on pain of deportation or death from using half of the words in their present vocabulary, and let them be compelled to give some definite meaning to the other half—there is no telling what happy results might follow! Among the equivocal "weasel words" of philosophy, as Professor Perry has well called them, one of the first to be proscribed would unquestionably be the term "experience." It sounds well, it has an honorific value, everyone would like to possess it, but just what does it mean? Viscount Haldane devotes a book to telling us and at the end leaves the confusion worse confounded.

He takes for point of departure, as an example of the way of thinking most opposed to his own, John Dewey's "Experience and Nature." Dewey contends, it will be recalled, that human thinking is a mode of natural interaction whose meaning is dependent on its context, and that knowledge is a useful phenomenon occasionally arising in the course of natural events. For Haldane, on the other hand, knowledge is fundamental to there being any events to know. This is the familiar contrast between the realist and the idealist, but Haldane is not content to be a mere idealist; he wishes to be both. "Our Minds," he writes, "have the double aspect of being included in nature and of being its foundation." This proposition seems, on the surface, to express an antinomy worse than any of Kant's, but the author solves it easily by the simple method of stressing the second half of it and forgetting the first. "We invest the facts with their meaning and so with their existence." Later it transpires that it is not "we" as empirical beings who do this but "a single self foundational to all individual selves"—in other words, the idealistic Absolue once more. Such a thesis is respectable and may perhaps even be true, although the majority of philosophers are not convinced of it, but there is little that is novel or particularly compelling in Viscount Haldane's presentation. He does not escape the reproach of thinness justifiably leveled against most of the later idealists. Where Dwey's work, whatver else it may be, is at least full-blooded and in touch with the concrete facts, Haldane wanders through a pale world of dialectic in search of a formula. Human experience is, according to human experience, quite obviously a matter of trial and error, experiment, frequent frustration, a matter of individual selves dealing with other selves and with natural phenomena, a matter of chaos with a very little of cosmos infused in it. To escape from all this to "the single self foundational to all individual selves" is an achievement, certainly, but a barren one philosophically—however, it may be æsthetically and religiously—unless one manages to get back again to the individuals from whom we started. This is precisely what Haldane neglects to do. His "human experience" is experinece with the humanity left out.

Religion

THE ECONOMIC BACKGROUND OF THE GOSPELS. By FREDERICK C. GRANT. Oxford University Press. 1926. $2.50.

A competent scholar has attempted to give here as far as the scanty data permit a survey of the economic history of the Jewish people in the centuries preceding the time of Jesus and of the resultant conditions at that time. He regards Palestine as a mainly agricultural community economically hard pressed by overpopulation and excessive taxation. His description is clear and well documented and would be quite convincing if one had only more evidence. Professor Grant has, however, not used the abundant data from Egyptian papyri either for the light they give directly on economic conditions in Syria or for comparing Syria with their complete picture of Egypt.

Of more general interest is the later part of the book in its attempt to show the influence of economic causes on the contemporary Messianic hope among the Jews. It has long been recognized that Jesus came to a people in political unrest under the yoke of Rome. Dr. Grant believes this unrest was due largely to economic factors, though neither Jews nor Romans realized this cause, still less were able to cure it. Jesus himself was no social revolutionary. He adopted rather the current apocalyptic, pacific, quietistic programme of renunciation and patience. He preached the blessedness of poverty and taught them to expect a future and other-worldly reward. With keen insight Dr. Grant has followed the lines suggested in a recent commentary on James by Martin Dibelius and really helps us see how thoroughly religious and pietistic and characteristically Jewish was Jesus's aloofness from the social question.

Though the book is vigorously written it can hardly be expected to check the overmodernization of Jesus as a social reformer. In many ways it is a companion piece to Simkhovitch's famous essay, "Toward the Understanding of Jesus." If any criticism is needed of its wholesome corrective of the social revolutionary theory of Jesus one might say that it gives too much the impression that Jesus pondered on the social problem and decided not to adopt the programme which socialists and the modern social creeds attribute to him. More likely he never considered the alternatives. Let conservatives take such comfort as they can get from that.

AN OUTLINE INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. By THEODORE H. ROBINSON. Oxford University Press. 1926. $2.

It is a pleasure to recommend so unreservedly as one may in the case of this admirable little volume. In the present turning of the public mind to the subject of religion it is a wholesome trend which brings the history, or as it is sometimes called "comparative religion," into the foreground. Champions of Christianity as the "final" religion are fortunate if they find exponents of our faith at once so well informed and so judicious in their presentation of this ultimate form of spiritual development. We imagine that satisfaction would likewise be expressed by adherents of the other great faiths of the modern world. Here Professor Robinson does not profess to speak in the same degree as an expert, but adds to his own personal experience and studies the advice of a notable group of expert counsellors. As a simple, reliable, and clear presentation of the subject to English lay readers this little volume has many rivals but no superiors that have come to our knowledge.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

H. C. ANDERSEN. By *Himself*. (American-Scandinavian Foundation.)

STREETS IN THE MOON. By *Archibald McLeish*. (Houghton Mifflin.)

A DEPUTY WAS KING. By *G. B. Stern*. (Knopf.)

* * *, *Massachusetts (withheld by request), asks for "light and pleasant" novels.*

HE hopes and expects that this department will find for him, among the newer novels, some that are comparable in delicious humor with Leonard Merrick's "Conrad in Search of his Youth" and "While Paris Laughed," or Locke's "Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," or Turner's "Simple Souls," or Wells's "Her Ladyship's Elephant," or Harold Frederic's "March Hares." He is not in search of a professionally funny book, but of one "which causes ripples instead of guffaws; the humor of situation and not the witty slang of Lardner or the bitter and exaggerated sarcasms of Leacock."

I have had this on my mind for some weeks, and have tentatively held out several possibilities in his direction, "Elizabeth's" books coming first to mind, now that later years have so nearly distilled out the denaturing bitterness of her middle period. During this time he has no doubt found the book he wants in "Galahad;" "Elizabeth" has a far friskier treatment of the Helen theme than Mr. Erskine's earlier book, in her "Introduction to Sally" (Doubleday). This inquirer says he has read Susan Ertz's "Madame Claire:" her "Afternoon" (Appleton), seems to me just as pleasant and a better novel. I tried him with Stark Young's "Heaven Trees" (Scribner), and Dunsany's "The Charwoman's Shadow" (Putnam), but he says he's not after literary style this time and that these books delight him, whereas what he now wants is to be made to chuckle. Would he chuckle, I wonder, at the delicate improprieties of Douglas Goldring's "Cuckoo" (McBride)? There's a happy little romance of the Scotch Highlands by a new man, Maurice Walsh, called "The Key Above the Door" (Stokes), that runs lightly in pleasant talk. George A. Chamberlain introduces, in a set of short stories called "No Ugly Ducklings" (Putnam), a Van Bibberish hero who goes about giving to chosen choric ladies the little more and how much it is that keeps them from being beauties; his motives are disinterested, his methods uniformly successful. How this book is ever correctly ordered by anyone trying to recall the title from the jacket, I can't imagine; I have shortened it as above, to make things easier. Perhaps the new "Tish" stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart would be the thing: the title is "Tish Plays the Game," and they made me laugh, but then I like laughing. Oho, he has not mentioned W. W. Jacobs; perhaps he does not know that there is a new set of Jacobs's stories, "Sea Whispers," which is like a breath from the old *Strand Magazine*, in the days when the serials of E. Nesbit were running there.

It really takes a New Yorker to appreciate "Friends of Mr. Sweeny," by Elmer Davis (McBride), at its true worth, but there should be chuckles in it for a Massachusetts man. This is one of the few out-and-out funny books I own that does not lose zest on rereading; another is "Love Conquers All," by Robert Benchley (Holt), which is not a novel of course, but I would not be doing my duty by my client did I leave it out.

This is a matter for other readers. Who writes "light and pleasant" novels now? Who reminds you at all of Frank Stockton? of H. C. Bunner? What British novelists smoothe the brow of care? It is all very well for this inquirer to tell me to "treat him as a Philistine," but I know something about his scholarship and what he has done with it. Take it for granted, then, that this selection is to be made for a man who wishes to rest his mind—but remember that it is a mighty good mind.

A. W., Belmont, Mass., asks which I consider the best of the volumes of short stories published in 1926, and what is a good history of tale-telling; the art and practice of the raconteur.

I HAVE no quarrel with the selection made by Edward J. O'Brien in "The Best Short Stories of 1926" (Dodd, Mead), and anyone who has may make his own selection with the help of the lists given in the various appendices of this helpful work. Ada Jack Carver's "Maudie" is here, Ernest Hemingway's "The Undefeated," Barry Benefield's "Carrie Snyder," Zona Gale's study for a preface in "Evening," Arthur Hugh Fausset's "Humoresque," and there are fifteen others in full.

As for the volumes of short stories by one author, I owe a debt of gratitude to Walter de la Mare for "The Connoisseur" (Knopf), the most beautiful "borderland" stories in years; to Thomas Burke for "East of Mansion House" (Doran); to Ida A. R. Wylie for the unusual qualities of "The Mad Busman" (Doran), especially in the title story; to Ring Lardner for the bracing bitters of "The Love Nest" (Scribner), and to Emily James Putnam for the adaptations from Herodotus in "Caudales' Wife" (Putnam).

"The Art of the Story Teller," by Marie Shedlock (Appleton), and Woutrina Bone's "Children's Stories and How to Tell Them" (Harcourt, Brace), are standard works for use with young listeners, but the principles of the art stand for older ones as well.

M. W. H., Rapid City, S. Dakota, asks if anyone has put into book or magazine article form the objections so often voiced to trial by jury. Is this a widespread feeling, he asks, and why do lawyers so zealously defend a jury of laymen when so many laymen feel that justice is seldom served through this medium.

"IMPRESSIONS of an Average Juryman," by Robert S. Sutliffe (Appleton), gives first-hand evidence from behind the scenes, while from the other side of the footlights comes "Gentlemen of the Jury" (Macmillan), the memories of Francis Wellman's years of dealing with them. This is a good accompaniment to E. L. Pearson's splendid shocker, "Murder at Smutty Nose" (Doubleday, Page), for some of its spectacular trials figure here also. "Court Room Psychology," a work on jury trials by Raymond I. Turney, was published in 1924 by the Los Angeles *Times-Mirror* Press. Most of the controversial material comes from magazines: "The Jury System," a group of articles in the *Unpartizan Review*, vol. 13, 1920; "The Mind of the Juryman," by Hugo Münsterberg, *Century*, vol. 86, 1913; "Trial by Jury," by Harry Elmer Barnes, *American Mercury*, vol. 3, 1924; "The Jury System, Defects and Proposed Remedies," by Arthur Train (Proceedings of American Academy of Political and Social Science, Phila., 1910); "Abolish the Jury," by J. C. McWhorter, (*American Law Review*, vol. 57, 1923).

I have always supposed laymen did not trust a jury of laymen because they knew too much about laymen: anyway there seems no doubt that this is the reason why lawyers object to a jury of lawyers. Indeed one reason why they cling to the present system is that they fear they might otherwise have a jury of judges. At this writing I am wondering how justice can ever be reached by the taking of evidence, anyway; I have just finished "Lincoln's Parentage and Childhood," by Louis A. Warren (Century), and my brain whirls. Here is a straightforward account of the investigation of the records of twenty-seven Kentucky county court-houses, made between 1919 and 1925, in the effort to settle from duly authorized public documents referring to the Lincoln and Hanks families in this State, some moot questions familiar to any student of the life of Lincoln. When one sees tale after tale crumble, statement after statement resolve itself into talk and no more, one wonders how on earth anyone gets at the facts about anything, let alone the truth, which according to Pirandello eternally evades us. See the conflicting testimony brought forward in Mr. Pearson's cases set down in "Murder at Smutty Nose." Go with the jury in Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's "What Really Happened" (Doubleday, Page), into the room where they deliberate upon the evidence of a murder trial, and see what they do with it, each according to his experience and predilections. No wonder the authors of detective stories, desiring to leave the reader with a sense that justice has been done, see to it that the criminal wilts at the first direct accusation, and comes clean before he swallows the cyanide.

The Boston Athenæum is about to publish the reminiscences of Miss Mary Regan, who retired after forty-five years at the delivery desk of the Athenæum. During her service there Miss Regan came in contact with Louise Alcott, Emerson, James T. Fields, Holmes, Longfellow, Parkman, Whittier, and many other famous people. The size of the edition to be printed of this book will depend upon the number who order it in advance.

The Centaur Press of Philadelphia announces the publication of "Yokohama Garland and Other Poems," by A. R. Coppard, illustrated by twenty-five woodcut decorations by Wharton Esherick. The volume is set in Caslon Old Style, printed in two colors on Normandy vellum, and the edition is limited to 500 copies, each autographed by the author.

Plans for the Joseph Conrad Library, to be built at a cost of $100,000, half for the building and half to equip it, to be located at the Seaman's Church Institute, 25 South Street, in this city, have just been announced, by the committee in charge of the memorial headed by Sir Ashley Sparks, resident director of the Cunard Line. All interested in the sea and its literature will have an opportunity to aid the memorial.

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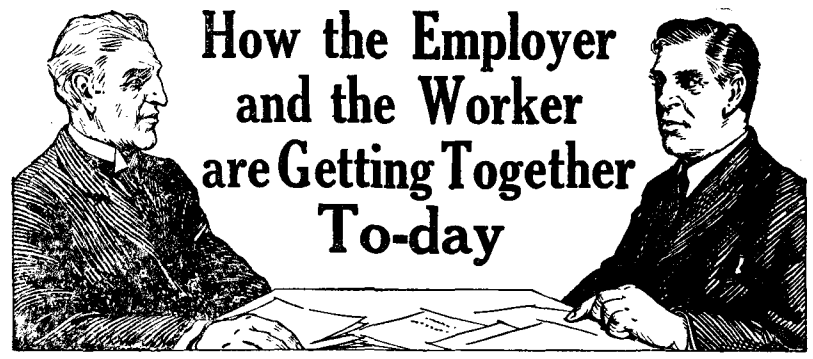

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BONI & LIVERIGHT, N. Y.

GOOD BOOKS

The Phoenix Nest

ON New Year's day our contemporary, *Liberty*, came out with a list by their entire staff of "the three books that had interested them, without regard to literary worth or importance." What interested them interested us and we have pored over the returns. . . .

The Art Director of *Liberty* named three books all by the famous Irish collaborators, *Somerville* and *Ross*. We recall another art director, lang syne, who used to root for these same writers, and even at one time acted as their agent in America,—the same being *Charles G. Norris*, now the famed author of "Bread," "Brass," "Pig Iron," etc. . . .

If we've counted right, *Dickens* handily won this poll of the editorial and art departments of *Liberty*, with five votes collected from the thirty-eight people involved, for the voting scattered considerably. The three-vote authors were *Mark Twain, Conrad, Thackeray, Samuel Butler, Tolstoy*, and *Percival Christopher Wren*. The autobiography of *Benvenuto Cellini* also collected three votes. One secretary voted for two different books by *Kathleen Norris* out of her three choices and another vote came to this author later. *Dreiser, Gene Stratton Porter, Chesterton, Wells, Owen Wister, Henryk Sienkiewicz, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Alice Duer Miller, E. M. Hull, Edward Everett Hale* and *Rex Beach* all corralled two votes apiece. *Dumas, fils*, author of "Camille," beat out his famous father with two votes, the author of "The Three Musketeers" polling only one. A staff writer gave a vote to *Charles Montagu Doughty's* "Arabia Deserta," and one of the editorial staff named our favorite horror story, "Dracula" by *Bram Stoker*. "The Young Visiters" by *Daisy Ashford* appeared on another list. Choices ranged from *Havelock Ellis* to *E. P. Roe*. And, finally, the young lady who officiates as reception clerk of *Liberty* listed "Sister Carrie" by *Theodore Dreiser*, "Beyond Good and Evil" by *Nietzche*, and "Vanity Fair" by *Thackeray*. . . .

Popularity is an odd thing, but it is interesting to remark how well old Charles Dickens holds his own, as does such a story as "The Man Without a Country." "The Way of All Flesh" seems always sure of several votes in any symposium of this kind, and "The Virginian" seems still to attract as many as "The Sheik." This inclines us toward optimism, even though "Huckleberry Finn" was mentioned but once. . . .

A review to be published three times a year and to cost fifty cents a copy, is planned for early in 1927. It will be edited by *Ezra Pound*, who lives at Rapallo. No name has yet been chosen for it. MSS. (for which the magazine will pay as much as it can), indications of willingness to subscribe (at $1.25 a year), and words of encouragement or derision should be sent to the American agent, *John M. Price*, care of the *Herald-Tribune*, New York. The review intends to print only excellent and genuinely original writing—"preferably magnificent or unspeakable," says Mr. Pound. . . .

V. V. Rosanov, a contemporary Russian novelist, makes his first appearance in English in the current issue of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*. His "Fallen Leaves" (or notebook jottings) are reminiscent of similar notes by *Gorky*, who by the way once said—with spite?—that Rosanov was actually *Aliosha Karamazov* (of Dostoivsky's "Brothers Karamazov") writing under the pseudonym of V. V. Rosanov. . . .

They say that the outstanding book produced in Holland during the nineteenth century was "Max Havelaar," by *Multatuli*, a classic now made available for the first time to American readers by Alfred A. Knopf. The name behind the pseudonym "Multatuli," a Latin phrase meaning "I have borne much," was *Eduard Douwes Dekker*, born in 1820. "Max Havelaar" was published in 1860, when Dekker was a civil servant of high standing. It caused a sensation because he charged the chief powers of the land with deliberate connivance at the systematic robbery and gross and cruel ill-treatment of the lower classes of Javanese. *D. H. Lawrence* writes an introduction to the present edition and points out what an amazingly alive picture of the Dutch bourgeois (among whom Dekker was reared) the author presents. Dekker was the inventor of a new and very simple proof of the Pythagorean theorem; his volumes, "The Million Ideas," contain *in extenso* all the thoughts briefly indicated in the list of books mentioned in the fourth chapter in "Max Havelaar." If this book succeeds they too may be translated. . . .

Warwick Deeping, whose "Sorrell and Son" has been so successful, will have a new novel published in America on the fourth of February. It is entitled "Doomsday." . . .

Glenway Wescott, who, at twenty-five, is one of the most notable of our younger writers, has now returned from the French countryside near Nice to visit his old home in Kewaskun, Wisconsin. He has delivered to Harpers the manuscript of a new novel. . . .

Scribners, who are the authorized publishers of the works of *Jules Verne*, have in preparation a special illustrated edition of his "Michael Strogoff." It will be similar in style to the illustrated edition of his "Mysterious Island," published several years ago by the same house. The pictures will be in full color. . . .

The holiday number of the *San Francisco Review* contains tributes to the late *George Sterling* from *George Douglas, Robinson Jeffers*, and others. And the December-January number of Harold Vinal's *Voices* opens with an In Memoriam sonnet to Sterling written by *Leslie Nelson Jennings*. We are glad to note these tributes. We still esteem the generous personality as well as the fine poetry of this stalwart singer who possessed so keen a love of beauty. . . .

Have we ever got around to mentioning that we think *Frank Sullivan's* "The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite" is simply grand? We used to follow her adventures as recorded from day to day by Frank in the columns of *The World*. We became very fond of Miss Hepplethwaite. Frank gives a little of her family history in the front of his book, called "Introducing Martha." Frank writes quite well. He never writes with a pencil and some of his spelling is pretty good. He just doesn't care at all what he says, and this sometimes gives us many a hearty laugh. Occasionally we have got the idea that perhaps he may be drawing the long bow a bit, but we've searched entirely through the book and there isn't a single illustration in it, though *Milt Gross* did the jacket. But anyone who comes across any drawing of the long bow please write us. Frank Sullivan is really at his best writing letters, many of which he dictates in this book to Martha. He is an extremely tall man and cadaverous, as most of these humorists are. Of the type called lantern-jawed, we think it is. So was your old Diogenes. He speaks almost in a whisper so that it is very difficult to hear him, but then we're not asking you to hear him, but to read his book. It fits in these patch pockets on overcoats. Frank is one of these burly old newspaper men always smoking a cigar. He just tossed this book off. But newspaper men need some relaxation. Often they will get together and sing songs and toss off a book or two. "All in the day's work," they hoarsely mutter. Sometimes it saddens us to think of all these old newspaper men, but then we go home and light the gas-log and put our old carpet-slippers up on the mantel and open Frank's book and soon we are wafted away into lands of romance, where ought might come true. Thrilling are these tales he tells of far and glamorous horizons, the lure of the mysterious Orient is in his lulling cadences, life blooms anew for the jaded city-dweller. . . .

The book costs only two dollars, the tenth part of a twenty. It's a good buy. . . .

Good bye!

THE PHŒNICIAN

The late Joseph Pennell, etcher, lithographer, and illustrator, has joined the old masters at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Museum, assisted by Mrs. Pennell, has assembled a fine collection of the artist's, numbering 168 drawings, water colors, etchings, lithographs, and illustrated books. The aim has been to make a representative exhibition rather than a large one, although the collection fills four of the new print galleries. The Pennell etching and lithographing equipment includes plates, pens, dry-points, scraping knives, inkers, inks, beeswax, burnishers, and scores of other artists' tools and materials. Among his works are some of his etchings of the Panama Canal under construction, the National Capitol, New York City skyline and skyscrapers, Grand Canyon, steel mills, Port of Hamburg, and other European sketches. This interesting and instructive exhibition will be open to the public until the end of the year.

On the Air

DIGESTS of the following ten magazine articles, chosen by a Council of Librarians as outstanding contributions to the periodical literature of the month, have been broadcast for the *Saturday Review of Literature* by Station WOR:

WANTED: A SUBSTITUTE FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS. Avis D. Carlson in *Harper's Magazine*.

The younger generation are not interested in the rightness or wrongness of conduct, says this college teacher. They make their decisions on a basis of expediency or of beauty. What shall we do about it?

THE PLAGUE OF LOVE. William P. Helm, Jr., in *American Mercury*.

Mr. Helm, a well-known Washington correspondent, delivers a broadside against the growing mountain of nuisance laws. He backs up his diatribe with hilarious samples.

32,000 R.P.M. Robert W. Bruere in *Survey Graphic*.

From the incredibly accurate gyro-compass, the author works out a fascinating philosophy of how we may find machines not our masters but "an extension of man's manual equipment."

WATER POWER AND ITS SOCIAL USES. Alfred E. Smith in *Survey Graphic*.

Governor Smith sets forth the most important plank in his legislative program: a Power Authority through which the State of New York would develop the two and one-half million horse-power latent in the waters of the state.

THE PROBLEM OF HEART DISEASE. Louis I. Dublin in *Harper's Magazine*.

Heart disease is gaining appallingly while tuberculosis and other diseases are losing. How much is it gaining, and how? What shall we do? The statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company answers these questions authoritatively.

GNATS AND CAMELS. Earnest Elmo Calkins in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Mr. Calkins, one of the most outstanding advertising counsellors of the day, asks "What is publicity and what is news?"—a question which editors face every day but which few or none can answer.

A CENTURY OF SHOTGUNNERY. Charles W. Sawyer in *Field & Stream*.

The author traces the development of the shotgun over a period of 100 years. Has there been a decided improvement as in aeroplanes? Nothing of the sort! The true sportsman still enjoys the old guns.

THE DUTY OF DOUBT. J. B. Haldane in *Century*.

The brilliant English scientist makes a case of doubt, which he says is merely a refusal to deprive either side of a hearing, and is a virtue, if, and only if, it is a prelude to action.

THE GROUPING OF NATIONS. Archibald Cary Coolidge in *Foreign Affairs*.

Pan-Europe, Pan-America, Pan-Asia, Pan-Slav, Pan-Mongol, the British Commonwealth, the Soviet Union—what do these terms signify and what do they portend for the future? A Harvard Professor answers.

THE HIGH COST OF WEATHER. Ellsworth Huntington in *Review of Reviews*.

Mark Twain once said people were always talking about the weather but nobody ever did anything. Professor Huntington, of Yale University, analyzes weather phenomena during 1926 and shows how good weather as well as bad cost about $1,750,000,000 in one year.

Old Books

"When I would know thee," once wrote Ben Jonson, "my thought looks upon thy well-made choice of friends and books."

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

"BIBLIOTHECA BACCHICA"

THE announcement comes from Maggs Brothers of London of the early publication of Vol. 1 (Incunabula) of "Bibliotheca Bacchica" compiled by Andre L. Simon, an anthology of the thirst of man among all nations and in all times. The author is not content to give a list of books which deal with viticulture, the art of wine-making, and drinking customs; he also gives much information of great bibliographical value, as well as interesting data about the authors and the contents of their books. He has included in this volume, which deals entirely with incunabula, a great number of rare books, which nobody would have expected to find in such an anthology, books such as Gutenberg's Bible, Chaucer, and Gower, the works of Homer and Horace, Ovid and Pliny, Lucan and Juvenal, Seneca and Cicero, Livy, Virgil, and others. And from all such books, the author has gathered material germane to his subject. He explains what wines were the Yayin, Schechar, Tirosh, Ahsis, Khemer, Messech, Schevahrim, of the Bible and what were the wines of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," the Candye, Claret, Clarce, Grenache, Hippocras, Hydromel, Lepe, Malvoisie, Must, Oxymel, Romaney, Ribolle, and Vernage. This first volume is illustrated with a large number of facsimile reproductions of front-pages, woodcuts, and other examples of early typographic art, all from manuscripts and books in the author's collection. There are three very useful indexes; an alphabetical index of authors' names, a chronological index of dates of publication, and an index of various presses. This edition consists of 250 copies. This volume will be followed by three others, comprising the books on the same subject printed after 1500. This work when complete is bound to be of great interest and value to students of social history, folk-lore, and civilization.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS

"IT is a generally accepted notion that the mediæval art of the illuminated manuscript is one that perished with the invention of printing," says William Roberts in the London *Times*, "and it is certain that for centuries, and for very different reasons, conditions of life have not been favorable to an art which can only be practiced successfully apart from commercial considerations. The artist, the illuminator, and the calligraphist of mediæval times devoted their lives to the making of beautiful books, little concerned with things outside of their monasteries, unaffected by seasons, the rise and fall of dynasties, or the value of commodities." Yet the art of the illuminator, in all its glory, is by no means dead, as Mr. Roberts points out. For many years a Londoner, Alberto Sangorski, has been making beautiful books which suggests the skill of the mediæval artist. He has just completed a richly illuminated manuscript of Shakespeare's "Songs and Sonnets," on pure vellum, with fifty pages of illuminated borders containing upwards of forty miniatures, twenty full pages within decorative borders and seven full page miniatures, all of course inspired by passages in the "Songs and Sonnets." There are two large portraits, one of Shakespeare and the other of the Earl of Southampton. Twenty pages of the volume are taken up with the "Tributes of Three Centuries" written by the late Sir Sidney Lee, on the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death, April 23, 1916, with twelve miniatures illustrating Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, the Old Globe Theatre, Southark, the house and room in which the poet was born and so forth. This beautiful tribute to Shakespeare is bound in blue and crimson levant morocco, with Shakespeare's crest, the motto made in 18-carat gold almost three inches in height, enamelled in heraldic colors; in each corner of the cover is a large sapphire. The volume, which measures eight by six inches, has been in hand for five years, and every detail—designing, engrossing, illuminating, painting, and binding—has been by Mr. Sangorski. No one turning over the leaves of this beautiful volume, the destination of which is the United States, will fail to realize that Mr. Sangorski has worked in the spirit of the mediæval artist and illuminator.

AUTOGRAPHS AT ANDERSON'S

AN important sale of autograph letters and documents, literary and historical, the collection of the late Tristram Coffin of this city, will be sold at the Anderson Galleries, in afternoon and evening sessions, January 17. This collection is the result of many years of gradual and patient selection, comprising valuable letters and documents relating to the Revolutionary War, autograph letters and documents of many of the Signers and Presidents, and letters of Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Burns, Lord Byron, and other literary celebrities. Among some of the letters of special interest are Edmund Burke's letter asking Lord North to exchange Henry Laurens for Gen. Burgoyne; a letter of Robert Burns formerly in the collection of Prince Albert; a letter of Governor George Clinton announcing the completion of the chain across the Hudson at West Point; a letter by Franklin making arrangements for the exchange of ratifications of the definite Treaty of Peace; a manuscript of the story, "Communipaw," written by Washington Irving; a letter by Thomas Jefferson in regard to the death of Kosciuszko; a letter by Edgar Allan Poe refuting the charge of Plagiarism in connection with "The Conchologist's First Book;" a letter by Gen. Israel Putnam congratulating Gov. Clinton on Burgoyne's surrender; a letter by General Washington planning the defence of the Jerseys, and many others of similar literary and historical value.

CATALOGUE OF NUGGETS

THE catalogue of "Fifty Important Books and Manuscripts and Holograph Letters," well printed and illustrated with facsimiles, comes from G. Michelmore & Co., of London. Among the outstanding lots are Balzac's original manuscript of "Les Fantaisies de Gina," complete in 29 pages, octavo, signed. This manuscript was unpublished until 1923, and with that of "Eugenie Grandet" is the only manuscripts of the great French author out of the Museum de Chantilly; Benjamin Franklin's copy of Cicero's "Cato Major," in the original blue wrappers, the *chef-d'-oeuvre* of his press; La Fontaine's "Fables," 4 vols., folio, Paris, 1755-59, the unrivalled Daguin example in absolutely pristine condition; and Zola's manuscript of "Le Docteur Pascal," 231 pages, quarto, the sole manuscript of this author that can occur for sale. These items run from £600 to £2,000, and every lot in the catalogue may be classed as rare and valuable.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"THE Elzevir Press," a handlist compiled by H. B. Copinger, will be published by Grafton & Co. of London very soon. An index is given to every book that the Elzevirs printed—5,300 in all, or nearly three times the number registered by any previous bibliographer.

John Howell of San Francisco announces the publication of an important book of sketches written by Bret Harte and Mark Twain in 1864-1867, during that brief period when they worked together on the staff of *The Californian*. This book will appeal to collectors of these two popular authors. It is a volume of 250 pages, printed in Caslon type with decorative initials, and a title page designed by Edwin Grabhorn. There will be a special limited edition of 250 copies on Strathmore Japan paper, and 2,000 copies on Buckeye Text paper. Both will be bound in paper boards with cloth back.

Beginning with January 1 of this year, the New York *Times* will print a limited number of copies of its regular edition on a pure rag paper. These copies will be used exclusively for the regular bound files supplied to libraries and other archives. It is the first time that *The Times* has been printed on rag paper since the Civil War. It will also represent, it is believed, the first instance in which any newspaper has been printed on all-rag paper since the inferior but more economical wood fibre newsprint universally took its place in the '70s and '80s.

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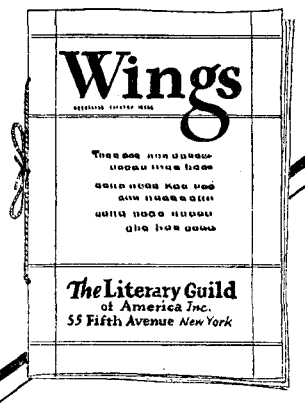

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